

BEADLE'S DIME NOVELS--No. 28.

# King Barnaby.

OR

UBC



A ROMANCE OF THE MICKMACKS.

BEADLE AND COMPANY.

NEW YORK: 118 WILLIAM ST. LONDON; 44 PATERNOSTER ROW.

General Dime Book Publishers.



NO. 61

ROMANCE OF

THEZ.

Beadle's Dime Novels, No. 61

TO ISSUE SATURDAY, OCT. 31st,

*Will embrace a superb story of the old French Regime, viz.:*

# LAUGHING EYES:

## A Tale of the Natchez Fort.

BY HENRY J. THOMAS,

Author of "THE ALLENS," "THE WRONG MAN," etc.

The Natchez were, unquestionably, the noblest tribe of savages on the North American continent, having customs and barbaric habits which allied them to the South American Incas. In the romance here given we have the Indian and the courtly Frenchman brought out in full relief. The story is a perfect wilderness of stirring incidents and impressive delineations of character. "Laughing Eyes," the heroine, is a French girl of beauty who bewilders the savage as well as the courtier with her graces. Around her centers a fascinating interest, which the author has sustained in a manner to render this romance one of impressive power and beauty.

BEADLE AND COMPANY, Publishers, 118 William St., N. Y.  
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, General Agent, N. Y.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863,  
by BEADLE AND COMPANY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United  
States for the Southern District of New York.











# King Barnaby.



A ROMANCE OF THE MICKMACKS.

BY N. WM. BUSTEED.

BEADLE AND COMPANY,  
NEW YORK: 141 WILLIAM STREET.  
LONDON: 44 PATERNOSTER ROW.



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by  
BEADLE AND COMPANY,  
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the  
Southern District of New York.



# KING BARNABY;

OR,

## THE MAIDENS OF THE FOREST

---

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE STRANGERS' ARRIVAL.

IN the solemn stillness of the woods, around the ~~uninhabited~~ cottage where I first heard the magical words "welcome home," there, alone through the wilderness, over hill and valley, far from the abodes of white men, have I wandered, or with cautious steps tracked the fierce bear to his lonely den. The cottage stood on the margin of a small lake, about three miles from the Ristigouche river, so universally celebrated for its large salmon. Years ago, before the tide of emigration had borne adventurers to these wilds, a tribe of Indians, famous for their wandering propensities, had located themselves in the valley, situated between the highlands which bordered the river and the lake. "King Barnaby," the chief sachem of the tribe, was of middle stature, but of firm nerve and athletic proportions; his word was law with his people, who loved him and obeyed his commands implicitly. Through the almost impenetrable labyrinths of the Canadian forest he had conducted his tribe, defying the vigilance of their uncompromising enemies, the warlike Mohawks, who had sworn to exterminate them.

The river Ristigouche, which flows into the Bay de Chaleur, is navigable some twenty miles above its mouth, and afforded an excellent harbor for vessels of the largest class. A promontory on the north, clothed to its edge with evergreens and tall beech trees, stood boldly out in the river, where it was almost surrounded by rocky islands, as if placed there to guard the entrance; while on the south a long, low, sandy



beach broke the force of the waves as they swept in from the bay, and rendered the water within the harbor comparatively smooth. In the month of September, 1792, a large trading schooner anchored in this harbor during the night. She was deeply laden, and appeared to have encountered many a storm. On the following morning a small boat, containing two men, left the vessel and proceeded toward the shore. After they had secured their boat, the men walked in the direction of the woods, and were soon lost to sight.

The Indians under King Barnaby had no sooner heard of the strangers' arrival than they determined to visit them. It was no novelty to these sons of the forest, at this time, to see and converse with white men—many years had passed since they were first visited by the traders; but it was because they had long expected this vessel, and those she contained, which made them anxious to see the strangers.

King Barnaby sat alone in his wigwam, awaiting the arrival of the visitors. A large wolf-dog lay across the entrance. Presently the low growling of the dog gave notice that some one approached, and but a minute after, a tall, savage-looking Indian entered the wigwam. The sachem, having motioned his guest to sit, continued silent, with arms folded. It was evident, however, that this visit was not welcome; the sachem appeared displeased, and for some time did not look at his fierce visitor, but endeavored to avoid every approach made by his guest to draw him into conversation.

"The Great Spirit does not shine in bad hearts," said Oliver, as he stood proudly before King Barnaby, his countenance pale with rage.

"The Great Spirit shines on all men alike who do good," replied the sachem; and then, raising his eyes to those of his guest, he continued, at the same time pointing at the entrance "The white man and his friends are coming. Go!"

Oliver darted a look of defiance at his chief; then grasping his tomahawk, sprung through the door-way, and was soon lost to view in the forest. He bent his steps to his own wigwam, which stood close to the shore of the river, where he found awaiting him a fair Indian girl, the daughter of Francis, one of the most respectable members of the tribe, and



generally known as the "Big Medicine." A sickly hue flitted across the young girl's countenance as Oliver approached her. Motioning him to silence by placing her finger significantly on her lips, she bent her head slightly, and then raising her hand, pointed toward the river. Oliver perceived two men advancing toward his hut, the smoke from which the two men, travelers, had perceived as it gracefully curled up through the trees. To seize his tomahawk and hurl it at the white men was but the work of an instant; but, quick as light, the girl had grasped the Indian's arm, rendering his aim untrue, and preventing the accomplishment of his wicked intent. With glaring eyes, his face distorted with passion, the savage rudely pushed the girl aside, and, darting through the oak thicket, which yet concealed him from the strangers' view, he squatted down among the low brushwood, and, with his hand grasping his long knife, awaited the passing of the adventurers.

---

## CHAPTER II.

### DUNCAN AND THE VOYAGERS.

HENRY DUNCAN was the only son of a poor widow, living for many years on a small farm in the vicinity of Boston. During Henry's minority, she was often obliged to solicit assistance from her neighbors, in order to procure for him such education as her love prompted her to believe indispensable. Henry was his mother's idol; she was never truly happy but in his presence. When in his nineteenth year, his mother died. A few months afterward his uncle took him to sea in the packet-ship which he commanded. After making several successful voyages, Henry was promoted as first officer, and, in due time, became commander of a Halifax trader. During a voyage to the coast of Newfoundland, Henry had the good fortune to save many lives from the wreck of a packet-ship bound to Quebec. All must have perished, but for the timely succor thus afforded. Among the passengers rescued was a lady of prepossessing appearance, then on



her return from London, where she had lived with her aunt, a woman of fashion and fortune. On his arrival at Halifax, Henry procured suitable apartments for this lady, and made such inquiries as he hoped would enable her to regain her friends. Having thus fulfilled a pleasing duty, he sailed up the Gulf, to complete his voyage.

---

The Indian girl stood close to the pathway leading to the river. She appeared to Duncan, who, with his companion, now approached, the personification of a goddess of the forest, standing protectress of her wide domain, and ready to dispute the landing of her foes.

Duncan, now in his twenty-eighth year, possessed a manly form, and although his features were not handsome, yet there was a nobleness of purpose written on his countenance which more than compensated for the absence of mere beauty.

The last rays of the setting sun streamed through the vistas of the tall pines as Duncan and his friend arrived at the spot where the Indian girl stood. The travelers were evidently fatigued; both were well armed.

"Where is your chief, fair girl?" asked Duncan, as he took the Indian's hand and carried it gracefully to his lips; "have we yet far to travel ere we find him? What! You are silent; it was not thus you parted with me."

The girl pointed to Oliver, while a tear stole down her blushing cheek, and fell on Duncan's hand. Looking in the direction indicated, young Adams—who had accompanied his friend Duncan from the schooner—saw Oliver hastily retreating through the underwood in the path leading to his wigwam.

"There goes an Indian!" said he, at the same moment unslinging his rifle and bringing it to his shoulder. The girl, whose quick eye observed this movement, rushed toward Adams, and laying her hand on his arm, whispered in his ear:

"Mohawk! no fire; bad man."

"Mohawk," repeated Adams, lowering his weapon, "what do you mean by that? Are you a Mohawk?"

The girl looked at Duncan; then lowering her eyes to the ground, said:



"He know me; white squaw love me, Mohawk kill."

Duncan advanced and pressing his lips to her brow, said:

"Yes, Rosa, you have indeed been my friend. Come, lead us to the sachem; we have presents for him, and for you, also, sweet Rosa."

The girl smiled faintly, and, leading the way, soon brought the travelers to King Barnaby's tent.

It may not be amiss to remark, that this tribe of Indians had derived from their intercourse with the Canadian French, a degree of civilization participated in and enjoyed by none in like measure with themselves. Subsequent transactions with the white traders, but particularly with Henry Duncan and his friends, had originated a friendly intimacy and interchange of feeling and thought, calculated more than aught else to have been the means of their enlightenment.

---

About two months previous to the commencement of our story, and during a voyage to the coast of Gaspe, Duncan became acquainted with George Adams, the son of a respectable merchant of Boston, but who had resided almost from infancy with a relative of his father's in the island of St. Pierre. Adams, who possessed a spirit of adventure, and had considerable fortune at command, willingly entered into all Duncan's schemes and plans for the purpose of forming a trading settlement on the Ristigouche. The year before, Duncan's vessel, freighted with such articles as he deemed useful and necessary, together with a large quantity of merchandise for trading purposes, arrived in the harbor, and, in due time, all was landed in safety and left in charge of a trusty servant of Duncan's, who, with his wife, had agreed to remain among the Indians during his absence, and promote, as they might find opportunity, the interests of their employer. Close to the lake before spoken of, a comfortable house was erected, in which the goods were stored and where the business was to be transacted. Duncan and his friend had now returned for the second time, but with a much more valuable cargo than the first, as the sequel will prove.

As the evening advanced without hearing of their friends, those who remained in the schooner became anxious for their return. At a small table in the cabin sat two women, whose



united ages could not amount to more than forty years; they appeared in the relation of mother and daughter, but were comparatively strangers to each other. The elder of the two was deeply engaged in perusing the pages of a volume which she held in her hand, on which the light from the hatchway fell almost perpendicularly. Her rich muslin robe, worn in the becoming fashion of the day, scarcely concealed a neck and bosom of dazzling whiteness; while over her full and delicately molded shoulders a silk scarf was carelessly folded, giving to her form a truly classical appearance. Her face was singularly expressive; a world of thought dwelt in her beautiful blue eyes, which were shaded by silken lashes of exquisite form; an arm and hand of elegant formation supported her head, from which in curls her deep auburn hair fell profusely. Her companion, a young girl, just approaching her fifteenth year, sat opposite, her head resting on one hand, while with the other she occasionally patted the silken coat of a favorite spaniel which reposed on the bench beside her. Now and then she raised her bright black eyes, and gazed wistfully on the passing clouds, tinged with the golden light of the setting sun, as they floated through the firmament. On the deck were four men and a boy, to whose care the vessel and cargo were intrusted. These persons were variously employed in their several duties, and frequently beguiled their time with some lively song. Just as the bright luminary of day sunk behind the western mountain, two canoes were seen approaching the schooner from the shore; one of them was considerably in advance of the other, and contained but one person, while in the other were some five or six Indians, who labored hard to reach the vessel first. The water in the harbor was without a ripple, and, as the canoes glided rapidly over the surface, the sailors imagined a race, and loudly cheered and encouraged the young Indian girl, (for she it was,) who now exerted all her skill and strength to accomplish her purpose. The ladies in the cabin, attracted by the boisterous mirth of the seamen, hastily attired themselves and ascended to the deck, where they also witnessed the exciting scene.

"See! by George, those Indians will catch that squaw yet; they are determined to run over her, I do believe; starboard, starboard, girl," cried Jack Rover; "ha! that's good, she'll weather them yet!"



A general hurra followed this exclamation, and at the same instant the young Indian girl gained the deck, and, overcome with fatigue, fell prostrate at the elder lady's feet. In the mean time the other canoe rapidly approached the schooner; but the formidable appearance of the seamen seemed to daunt the Indians, for, after paddling around the vessel, they returned to the shore.

The ladies were both kneeling beside the Indian, endeavoring to restore her to animation, but their efforts for some time were unsuccessful; at length she opened her dark eyes, and gazing wildly around her, by a sudden effort regained her feet, then rushing toward the gangway, uttered so thrilling a scream that all on board were fearful she was insane. The dark and heavy night-clouds were spreading out over the scene, while a light breeze from the eastward, gathering fresh strength every moment, blew in from the bay. The seamen stood undetermined how to act with respect to the girl, but their intention was soon directed to another object. About two miles further up the river, a bright flame shot up from the woods, illuminating, with its fiery glare, the islands contiguous thereto, and causing every thing on the schooner's deck to appear as clearly as at noonday.

The young Indian stood leaning toward the gangway with both hands pressed on her temples, her eyes fixed on the fire, and every feature bearing the impress of despair; then, suddenly turning toward the ladies, and seizing each by the arm, she cried:

"The fire! the fire! Bad Indian kill white man."

All parties were now alive to the import of the words; the truth rushed upon them in all its force. There was no time to be lost in vain regret; immediate action was necessary; but, what that action should be did not as quickly appear. The ladies almost simultaneously exclaimed:

"The boat! the boat! In Heaven's name, save the boat, or all is lost!"

The seamen looked at each other, but saw no way of accomplishing this object without exposing themselves to the fury of the savages, whose wild yells could now be distinctly heard, as they approached that part of the shore where the boat was secured, where Duncan and his companion left it.



the morning. The Indian girl awaited some moments the decision of the seamen, but finding them yet undecided, and perceiving, with her natural tact, the difficulty under which they labored, she caught Jack Rover by the hand, and pointing at her light canoe, which floated alongside the vessel, said :

“Suppose white man come ; me take him shore.”

“Ay, ay, she’s right, ’tis our only chance,” cried Rover “If we save the boat, we’ll have some hope of weathering these devils yet.”

Hastily providing themselves with firearms, Rover and another seaman got into the canoe, and, directed by the Indian girl to sit low and keep silent, were paddled by her toward the woods, which were now but indistinctly visible, the bright light from the fire having expired, leaving every object which it had made so conspicuous a moment before, now dark and invisible.

For some time after the boat had left the schooner, the two ladies stood alone, silently watching its progress—then, as if influenced by mutual fears for the safety of those whom they loved dearer than life, they embraced and mingled their tears. The rough sailors who witnessed this outburst of sorrow, respectfully advised them to retire to the cabin, and, promising to keep them fully informed of every thing that should occur, took their station on deck, each armed as best he could. After consulting for a few minutes, the ladies descended to the cabin. Seating themselves at the table, on which a lamp now burned, they wept bitterly.

“Alas ! Maria,” sighed the eldest, “I do believe my heart will break. Poor Henry has sacrificed himself in vain. All, all is lost !”

“Madam,” replied Maria, “I do indeed pity you ; but our situations at present are very different ; you have a husband—a protector.”

“Ah, Maria,” said her companion, “it is no use to dissemble. Henry Duncan is my deliverer—he saved my life—he loves me fervently, truly, but he is *not* my husband. Had this adventure succeeded, then, indeed, all would have been well ; but now I fear there is no hope. I have periled all that woman holds dear—honor, fortune, fame—to help him



in his undertaking ; but should those horrid savages take his life, all my hopes are blasted."

"Oh, my father ! my poor father ! Who will comfort him in his old age ?" cried Maria, wringing her hands in wild despair. "Oh, George, what will now become of Maria ? Without you I must indeed be forever miserable."

At this moment a shout from the seamen on deck attracted their attention. It was followed by a report of firearms, and almost immediately afterward every part of the vessel was filled with Indians, yelling and howling hideously. In vain the sailors fought with desperation—in vain they sought to defend themselves from the furious savages, whose numbers continued to increase every moment ; driven from one point to another, they at last reached the hatchway leading to the cabin, and here, standing back to back, they defended themselves until, overpowered by their remorseless foes, they were seized and barbarously tomahawked.

The unfortunate females in the cabin, driven almost to madness by the horrid scenes they were compelled to witness, fell on their knees, and, with piteous accents, besought their relentless captors to spare their lives.

The evil eyes of the savage Oliver were fixed upon his victims as they knelt before him ; he seemed undetermined how to act. His natural thirst for blood prompted him to slay them, but such divine beauty as theirs arrested his arm, and chained the demon passions of his mind with a power and influence he could not shake off. Waving his vindictive associates back with a motion of his hand, he ascended to the deck, and, securing the hatchway so as to prevent the escape of his unfortunate captives, turned their attention to the work of plunder. To cut the vessel clear of her moorings was but the work of a moment, and the wind, which now increased to a gale, assisted by the flood-tide, drove the schooner with great rapidity up the river.



## CHAPTER III.

## THE INDIAN LOVER AND HATER.

FOR some time previous to Duncan's first visit to the Micmack Indians, an unconquerable hatred had existed between Oliver and King Barnaby, in consequence of the latter having refused to assist in the destruction of the French settlement at Tracadia, on the opposite shore of the bay. Oliver was a Mohawk, captured when a boy by the Micmacks, and brought up among their people; but, no sooner had he arrived at manhood, than he displayed those vindictive passions and ungovernable temper which a hatred of all approaches to civilization had increased, if not engendered, in the minds of his forefathers. To be prevented from gratifying his desires, or opposed in his views and intentions, was by him considered unpardonable, and was never forgotten or forgiven. It must not be supposed that the untutored aborigines of America, in whom the natural love of liberty, as they understood and felt it, was predominant, could imitate or admire the customs and manners of Europeans, no matter how great the extent of civilization they enjoyed; nor should their hatred of the whites be advocated by the historian as a just cause for retaliation—the Indians were the owners and occupants of the soil in their own right, and could not look upon their more successful neighbors in any other light than as intruders or robbers.

During a hunting excursion beyond the highlands, Oliver and his companions arrived on the borders of a small meadow, where game was plentiful. Wearied with his journey, he turned aside where a clear brook coursed peacefully through the long grass, leaving his comrades to proceed without him. He had not long remained in this secluded spot when a rustling among the branches of a wild-cherry tree attracted his notice, and immediately afterward a well-known voice pronounced his name.

"Why does the 'Big Medicine' hide himself like a fox?" said Oliver. "Is the daylight too strong for his eyes that he screens them with bushes?"



"Francis does not fear to look when the sun is bright," replied the "Big Medicine;" "he can hear the birds among the trees without seeing."

"I don't see the birds," retorted Oliver.

"See!" ejaculated Francis, as he advanced from his covert, "the dove sends you this hunting-cap; wear it for her sake, and don't let your eyes be blinded with clouds."

"The dove flies away from me always," said Oliver; "she can not love two sachems, and I am a Mohawk."

"Four moons ago you said you loved my daughter; your tongue is the longest when the council sits—but, brother, where is your memory?"

"You call the white man brother; Oliver is not *his* brother!"

"Francis heard the white knives call all Indians 'brothers.'"

"Their hearts are black with lies," growled Oliver. "The dove goes to the white man's tent—they call her Rosa. Is she blind also?"

"Brother," said the "Big Medicine," laying his hand on the arm of his unbelieving companion, "white people say, brother 'King Barnaby,' and brother 'Francis,' and brother 'Oliver,' and sister 'Rosa;' they say right; our hearts *are* dark."

Oliver drew a large knife from his belt, and, raising the skin on his arm until the blood came, pointed significantly at it, and then, with a malignant sneer on his countenance, replied:

"See, how black that is!"

"The eagle loves to soar where the sunbeams are brightest," said Francis; "he does not sleep with the owl; the dove has her own nest—come and see her."

"Your daughter loves the white man's nest better than her own; she finds no pleasure with Oliver. I will not go!"

"Brother, farewell; I go to the lake. Francis will speak to his daughter. To-night white man sleep in his tent; I watch him."

In another moment both chiefs had departed in opposite directions.

Determined on discovering how far his daughter's conduct warranted the aspersions cast upon her by one whom he had till now believed her protector, or at least her friend, Francis,



on his arrival at the lake, made directly for the dwelling of the white man who superintended Duncan's affairs, and there he found her assisting the man's wife in her household affairs.

The Indian girl, who had now become quite a favorite with all connected with the establishment, hastened to welcome her father, but, perceiving from his sullen and morose countenance, that something distressed him, she beckoned him outside the house, where she could more properly inquire the cause.

"Tell me truth, daughter; the Great Spirit loves the truth," said Francis, endeavoring, at the same time, to read her countenance with his piercing glance. "Oliver said you loved the white man. Remember, he is a great chief and hates these people—and I am getting old. Why don't you speak?"

"Father," said Rosa, "Oliver has a black heart and tells lies."

"Oliver is a chief and loves you," replied Francis, "and you must go to his wigwam and be his squaw."

"Father," repeated Rosa, "Oliver is a bad man—I don't love him."

"The white man has talked this; he shall suffer!" roared Francis, in a voice of thunder. Then seizing the girl, he shook her violently and hurried off into the woods.

About an hour after nightfall of the same day, a council of the tribe was assembled at a point of land some distance from the settlement, and commanding a view of the river for miles above and below it. A fire, composed of dry fir and pine branches, burned brightly, around which the dusky forms of some fifty savages were collected. Near the center three persons were seated on the ground, conversing apart in a low and earnest tone; at length one of them arose, and addressed the assembly.

This individual was a tall, powerful-built man, of singularly forbidding aspect. His feet and legs were encased in deer-skin, fancifully ornamented with bead-work; from his shoulders a blanket, partially secured by a wide belt of untanned hide, fell in deep folds around his person, while from a curious-shaped collar several hideous-looking scalps hung behind, giving to his form a most revolting appearance.

"Brothers," said he, at the same time looking around him,



"this land on which you are seated, and these majestic mountains which are covered with fragrant shrubs, lofty pines and shady oaks, were given to you by the Great Spirit for hunting-grounds; you know best why old womens' tongues were placed in some of your heads to talk of selling them to strangers. When your sachem first settled here his eyes were open, and there was no dust in them—no one could see further than he did; but now these white people have come between him and the sun, and he sees but a short way. It is well to have warning before the wolves are too many for us; these white men have smooth faces and oily tongues. They say always 'King Barnaby' good man; they give him guns and long knives; but they tie his hands, and prevent him from using them. Brothers, these things are true, and Oliver says so; he is a Mohawk, and I am another; we and our friends will help you to kill these white dogs!"

Having thus spoken, he folded his arms, and, again looking around him with great formality, took his seat. Immediately after, Oliver arose. His dress consisted of fox-skins rather tastefully arranged as a hunting-cloak, girded around his waist by a belt of wampum, and ornamented with human teeth. After cautiously surveying the countenances of his friends, he said:

"Fathers and brothers, when I first came among you I had no ears; the Great Spirit said to you, 'Help this boy,' and you did so. You taught me to hunt, and tree the bear—to trap the wolf and deer, and to flambeau the wild-geese. What you know I know, and my heart is the color of your own. I want to live among your people, but I have no squaw. Two moons have waned since the 'Big Medicine' said, 'My daughter must be your squaw.' I loved Rosa—that name was given her by the white people—but the great man in the big house gave her fine blankets and silk shoes, and filled her throat with wine and sugar. It was a white fox that done this; he took Rosa to his nest, and put gold hoops round her fingers. I am unhappy; but I am a man, and can use this,"—here he brandished his tomahawk, and ground his teeth with rage. "But," continued he, "I will have blood, and these white wolves shall have no land!"

Here a tremendous shout arose on all sides; the Indians



sprung to their feet, and, flourishing their weapons, danced round the fire, twisting their bodies, and grinning like a parcel of demons. After performing their hideous rites, the fire was extinguished, and the council was terminated.

---

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE AGENT AND HIS HOUSEHOLD.

PAUL COMEAUX was twenty-two years old when he first landed at Quebec, accompanied by his wife and infant daughter. Not many days after their arrival his amiable companion died, leaving him a disconsolate widower, in a strange country. For years Paul was inconsolable—naught but the endearing prattle of his little Maria had any comfort for him. Actively engaged in the arduous duties of a trapper, and obliged to accompany his party, principally Indians, in their hunting expeditions, his absence from home was often augmented to several weeks. This occasioned him much anxiety for the welfare of his child, and induced him to seek another companion for her sake. After the lapse of some time, this desire was accomplished, in some measure, by his marriage with Annette Dupont, the daughter of a French emigrant, with whom he had been acquainted in Auvergne, his much loved native place. Annette had been an orphan many years before she was united to Paul; had met with manifold troubles and disappointments, but, possessing in a great degree *bon cœur*, she had resolution enough to outlive them all.

Two years after her union with Paul, Annette—with whom her step-daughter had become a favorite—concluded to have her educated. For this purpose Maria was placed at a seminary, where she remained until she had attained her fourteenth year.

About this time Paul became acquainted with Duncan, and was induced by him to accept the office of superintendent at his new settlement on the Ristigouche.

Promptitude in business, industrious application, and strict



integrity of principle, were the characteristic features that Duncan so much admired in Paul. His knowledge of, and experience in, Indian manners and customs, joined to a thorough acquaintance with their singular language, made him competent to undertake so important a situation with reasonable hopes for success.

The building, erected under his supervision on the margin of the lake, was sufficiently capacious to answer for the purposes of store and dwelling-house, and was well supplied with all things necessary and convenient to promote the objects of trading. In a large and comfortable room in the rear of this building, the superintendent and his amiable wife were seated before a cheerful fire, discussing various matters connected with the events passing around them. It was on the same night, and at the same instant of time, that the Indian council terminated, as mentioned in the previous chapter.

"You work yourself to death with these preparations," said Paul, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe for the fourth time.

"Do you think so?" replied Annette, laughing through her blue eyes and dimpled cheeks, and continuing as busily engaged as before.

"Think so," echoed Paul, "what else should I think? Answer that, my beautiful wife."

"Beautiful wife, indeed!" repeated Annette. "No, no, not now, Paul; I once thought I was pretty, but no—no, no, not now; you do not think so—how could you?"

Placing his pipe carefully on the mantel, Paul stirred the fire, and taking down a pair of silver-mounted pistols, resumed his chair, and commenced setting them in order.

"Annette, you are good and pretty yet," said Paul, with emphasis; "and when master Henry and his bride that is to be come back, you shall have a new dress."

"You must not hope for that, yet," replied Annette, who, having now finished her work, took her seat beside her husband.

"I wonder what use these pistols are here in the woods?" said Paul, holding up one of the weapons until the elaborate chasing glittered in the light. "Give me a good rifle for my use," continued he, his intelligent features beaming with delight "that's the weapon for my money."



"Paul," sighed Annette, "I should like to see our Maria."

"Poor thing," said Paul, "I am sorry we left without her; she was always affectionate and dutiful; I should have brought her but for you. I may never see her again. Poor, dear Maria."

"You are too ready to find fault with me, Paul."

"I do not find fault with you, Annette; you had a reason for her remaining, I have no doubt; but I wish she *had* come. Poor girl, she must be lonely."

"What should she do here? Paul, would you bring her among these savages?"

"Why not? She would live with us."

"Ay, certainly, but without hope of marriage."

"Tut, tut; she has time enough for that—she's too young."

"Too young, indeed! Why, she must be at least fifteen."

"Well," sighed Paul, "I wish she was here. Who knows, she might come with Master Henry?"

"Nonsense," said Annette, sharply; "I should like much to see Maria, but not here."

"And where, my good Annette, would you see her?"

"Where I left her, of course," replied Annette, affecting to be angry.

"So you would go back and leave me? Annette, you don't know what you say. If I thought you did, I'd do some—"

"I tell you, Paul, I should like to see my friends—"

"Without your husband," interrupted Paul, angrily.

"Well, suppose I did?" exclaimed Annette, rising from her chair, and pacing the room with a hurried step.

"But suppose you could not?" said her husband.

"You could not prevent me if I pleased to go, Paul."

"Annette," said Paul, earnestly, "listen to me. When I married my first wife, I was a very different person to what I am now. Circumstances, 'tis said, make or mar a man—they have had their influence on me. Whatever I have suffered by neglecting to follow the advice of experienced people, was in a great measure owing to my conviction that all they said was from interested motives. Thus was I led step by step to doubt every thing I saw or heard. Before I met



with Maria's mother I was miserable; I took pleasure in nothing—my mind was unsettled. This wayward state of things forced me, with a strength I could not withstand, into a course of dissipation and folly which came near ruining me forever. Her influence and example saved me, while at the same time her pure and enduring love for me induced a similar feeling in my heart, and before I was fully aware of it, I was an altered man. She had a natural aversion to every thing even in appearance which savored of inhumanity, and, before the first year of our marriage was ended, I, who had been worse than a Pagan in principle and belief, became a true Christian. Annette, my first wife was a treasure."

"Paul, dear Paul," said Annette, casting her arms round his neck and embracing him, "oh, forgive me, and make me like her."

At this moment a light tapping at the door attracted their notice. Paul, replacing his master's pistols, hastened to admit the person who demanded entrance. Scarcely had the bolt been withdrawn, when Rosa, pale and exhausted, rushed past him and entered the apartment. Securing the fastenings as before, Paul hastened to inquire the cause of her visit; but observing how very faint the young girl appeared, he poured out a cup of wine and reached it to her. She took the offered vessel from his hand, and, without tasting its contents, placed it on a table; then drawing them both toward her, said, in a low, measured tone:

"White man love Rosa—Indian some good, some bad. Good Indian say no kill white man; bad Indian speak for kill *all* white man. Rosa very sorry."

"What does she mean?" asked Annette, anxiously.

"This sun," continued the Indian girl, "Rosa go up the mountain; see big canoe in the bay; suppose good master come; bad Indian kill him."

"That's master Henry's vessel, I'll warrant," said Annette. "I understand that."

"Silence, my dear," interposed Paul; "there's something in her talk very serious. Well, Rosa, what more?"

"The sun down," she continued, "Rosa go up the woods; see great many bad Indians have a talk, make great noise, make war-paint, say kill white men; Oliver, Indian, very bad: make Rosa cry."



"Poor thing," sighed Annette.

"I must see King Barnaby to-night," said Paul.

"Dear Paul, you would not leave me alone--don't go," cried Annette.

"Why not, my dear?" inquired Paul; "King Barnaby is our friend."

"King Barnaby, good Indian," said Rosa.

"You must not go, Paul, dear Paul," cried Annette: "if you do, I shall die with fear."

"My sweet wife," said Paul, pressing her to his heart, "I must go and speak with the sachem or we are lost."

"If you leave me," continued Annette, "I shall never see you again. Oh! Paul, do not leave me."

"Annette, you distress me; you do, indeed."

"Suppose speak King Barnaby, good?" interposed Rosa.

"Suppose nothing of the kind, husband," pleaded Annette, who looked more beautiful than ever, as with her hands clasped in his she endeavored to prevent his departure.

Paul hesitated; he knew well how much depended upon an immediate conference with the sachem, but, to leave his wife under her present state of excitement seemed impossible. All the silent eloquence of love beamed forth from Annette's expressive features, and almost rendered her husband powerless.

The Indian girl stood statue-like gazing on the scene; a rich cloth scarf—presented to her by Duncan—fell in loose folds over her left shoulder, and was gracefully girded at her waist by a band of exquisitely-wrought bead-work. For some moments she was silent; but, knowing how precious these moments were, and fearing that Paul had abandoned his intention of seeking the chief, she said:

"Good sister, you love very much; suppose brother not walk, me go."

"Generous creature," gasped Annette, "she—will—go."

"No, no," said Paul, emphatically, aroused to a sense of his situation, "the savages would kill Rosa; she must remain with you; I will go."

Finding that her husband was determined, Annette cast her arms round his neck, embraced him tenderly, and suffered him to depart; then throwing herself into a chair she bent her head on her hands and wept bitterly.



## CHAPTER V.

## THE SACHEM'S PROMISE.

THE golden lamps of night shone brilliantly in the heavens as Paul Comeaux journeyed to the camp of King Barnaby. The translucent surface of the lake mirrored the starry canopy, and almost rivaled the sky in splendor, while the lofty trees, silent in their beauty, added to the solemnity of the scene. Paul was so deeply affected by the events of the night, that all his endeavors to shake off or remove the deep depression of spirits which weighed him down seemed useless. His mind was filled with an undefinable dread of some approaching calamity, which all his natural courage and recklessness of character could not dissipate or destroy. For the first time he felt, in all its force, that powerful influence which a sense of our own weakness and inability to contend with adverse circumstances calls into life. He knew not whether to go forward or return.

"Should I fall into the hands of Oliver and his band and be slain," soliloquized Paul, "what will become of my poor wife?"

In the next instant he thought it better to hope that his visit to the sachem would be productive of benefit to them all. Then he called to mind all the faithful Indian girl had kindly warned him of, and finally he concluded to push vigorously onward and resign his beloved companion to the watchful care of Providence.

In a few moments more Paul discovered that he was on the outskirts of the Indian village, and, hastening his steps, soon arrived at the sachem's wigwam.

King Barnaby was alone with his family, and although Paul entered rather unceremoniously, displayed neither fear nor displeasure.

"My white friends are well?" inquired the sachem.

"They hope so," answered Paul, hesitatingly.

"Brother," said the sachem, after examining his visitor's countenance attentively, "you are not well"



"Did I ever do you or your people any harm?" asked Paul.

"Never," answered the sachem, with great emphasis.

"Did my master always pay you?"

"Your master very good."

"Then why would you injure him?" reiterated Paul.

"Never me hurt white man," answered the sachem.

"Your people speak very bad," said Paul; "they said they would kill us all, and I came here to ask you what we have done to deserve this treatment."

"Ha! me see!" exclaimed King Barnaby.

"My master will be here soon," continued Paul.

"Your master shall be welcome," said the sachem; and then, taking Paul by the hand, continued: "My people do him and his people no harm; we love him and you. Suppose some Indian speak bad; you tell his name, me kill him."

Paul, surprised at the candor and generous attachment which the sachem displayed toward himself and his master, was uncertain in what way to discover how far King Barnaby was implicated in the conduct of those Indians who—as Rosa had informed him—held a council that night for the purpose of exterminating the whites. His reflections were, however, interrupted by the sachem, who continued: "Me old man, have very white head; bad Indian think me blind; can't see in the night, but, thank Great Spirit, my eyes have some light yet."

"Where is Oliver?" asked Paul.

The sachem arose, and, calling a small boy to him, whispered something in his ear; the boy immediately left the wigwam. During his absence King Barnaby remained silent. In a few minutes the boy returned alone.

"Brother," said the sachem, "I have sent for Oliver."

Shortly after Oliver entered and stood before King Barnaby.

"Oliver," said the sachem, "the white man asks for you."

"Oliver is here," replied the wily savage.

"What makes you angry with me?" inquired Paul.

"Me no angry," answered Oliver.

"You threatened to kill your white brothers," said Paul.

"White man not my brother; I am an Indian," replied the savage, looking at Paul contemptuously.



"This night you said you'd kill the white people. When you were without food and very poor you came to me. I gave you something to eat, and covered your back with good clothes. Is it for this you take up the tomahawk?" asked Paul.

"Indian no hurt you," interrupted the sachem; "his tomahawk is buried."

"Mine is not buried!" exclaimed Oliver, indignantly, and then continued: "Suppose white man love Indian; for what he take his land, and then give him blankets?"

"Oliver," said Paul, "my master paid you for the land, and then you were satisfied; besides, 'tis but a small piece."

"More white people come, want more land," answered the savage, while his countenance betrayed evident marks of displeasure.

"For what you speak this?" interrupted the sachem; "the land is mine and my people's, and there's plenty of it; our white brothers are very good, and I love them; they must not be hurt. Go and bury your hatchet. Oliver is a fool—my eyes are open."

"Sachem," roared Oliver, furious with passion, "Oliver is not a fool; these white people have made you blind. That man there is a liar, and you know it; but I can see and feel, and know what to do."

King Barnaby took Paul by the hand, and, leading him outside his tent, said:

"Brother, I am your friend, and will keep you safe. Oliver is a bad man, and must be watched. Go to your house and be quiet; the Great Spirit tells me this."

Paul shook the sachem's hand warmly, and returned home, satisfied that King Barnaby was his friend.

When Paul re-entered his domicil, he found his wife alone; the Indian girl had departed. Affairs had reached this crisis when Duncan's ship anchored in the harbor.



## CHAPTER VI.

## LOST !

HAVING arrived with his friend at the sachem's wigwam, Duncan inquired how the superintendent had conducted himself toward his Indian friends, during his absence.

"Me very sorry you have come back," said the sachem. "Indians no friends now, more better you go to your house; Oliver very bad Indian; he make much trouble. My people like our white brothers, and we are glad to see 'em; but bad men come from Mohawks want to kill white people."

Duncan could not understand why the old chief was so cautious; he had always known him as a friend, and treated him with a becoming courtesy.

"I have brought you and your people many presents," said Duncan; "I wish to be your friend; you do not treat me well."

"You call me 'King Barnaby,'" replied the sachem, "that is my name; but some Indians think me old and no good. Better you watch yourself; bad Indians want for kill you; I am against it."

"Well," said Duncan, "which of your people have I harmed?"

"Oliver is a Mohawk," answered the sachem; "he does not like his white brothers."

"You are his chief, and must punish him; otherwise if he does harm you will be considered equally guilty."

"I am not his master; I am an old man; my people are divided, what can I do? My people always do well when I see them; my eyes are now none of the best; they take advantage of this; the Great Spirit knows my heart; I love my white brothers."

"When I was with you before, all your people were friendly, and wanted me to remain; I built a house and would now build another; I thought to stop and live among you, but you have deceived me."

"Suppose Oliver no Mohawk, I kill him," said the sachem.

"Oliver is but one, he can not do much alone; you must make your people mind you."

"But for you, Duncan," said Adams, "I would have sent a bullet through the villain."



"Come, George," continued Henry, "we waste time. Sachem, I expect you will see to your people and keep them quiet; farewell."

In a few minutes our adventurers were hastily pursuing their way to the house of the superintendent.

The black clouds gathered ominously over the sky, portending a storm; and shut out the light of day, making it a matter of no little difficulty to Duncan, who traveled a short distance in advance of his friend, to discover the track.

"Duncan, are you certain we are on the right track?" inquired Adams, who had hitherto followed his friend mechanically. "I fear we have lost our way; you told me it was but a mile to the house when we left the wigwam, but we have been more than an hour climbing over these fallen trees, and yet I see no prospect of getting there."

"Silence!" exclaimed Duncan. "What noise is that?"

"Nothing more than the roar of some wild animal," replied Adams. "Come, move on, Harry, or we shall have to make our beds in the woods."

Duncan unslung his rifle, and anxiously awaited the repetition of the noise. Suddenly, amid the darkness, a bright flame illuminated the distant forest-trees, and a loud scream, as of some one in peril, reached their ears.

"God in heaven, have mercy on us!" ejaculated Duncan. "What is that?"

"Some of those infernal savages performing their incantations, I suppose," said Adams; "that fire must be in the village; I thought we were going wrong. Come, let us try the opposite course."

"Not so, George; our way is in the direction of that fire. Ha! there they howl again. Do you hear them?"

"We could not escape notice if we dared proceed in that direction. I think our best plan will be to strike off at right angles from the fire, and by keeping at a sufficient distance, we shall have some chance of eluding their observation. But take your own way, Harry; I submit myself to your guidance."

"There is no other way to reach the house but the one I speak of," said Duncan. "I am satisfied that we run a chance of being seen, but should we be attacked, we must make the best fight we can. So, in the name of Providence, we will try."



Through the thick and tangled alder-bushes and saplings, the two friends advanced as fast as the increasing difficulties of the way permitted, the light of the fire affording them a beacon to regulate their course. As they advanced toward the fire, Duncan perceived that the fire visibly decreased. The yells of the savages were no longer heard; all was still. In a few moments more he was obliged to halt; both himself and his companion had lost their way in the darkness.

Fatigued and dispirited, they ascended a small eminence where the trees grew further apart, affording them a more extended view of the forest; but look which way they would, nothing appeared to indicate the place they sought. Thus, hour after hour passed in vain attempts to regain the path they had lost; at length, young Adams, faint and weary, was obliged to lean against a tree for support—nature could hold out no longer.

“Go on, my friend,” said he to Duncan. “Don’t mind me; I can go no further.”

“Not so,” replied Henry, “we will not separate; if it must be so, we will die together.”

“Oh, heaven! save and protect those we love,” ejaculated Adams. “If we should never see them again, what will become of them?”

“George,” said Duncan, “we have acted wrong—at least I have, and deserve to be punished; when I rescued Julia from the wreck, I little thought I should be the means of making her miserable. I have acted madly, wildly, without a thought of the consequences. True, I brought her not here without her consent; true, she is as virtuous and free from harm as when I first saw her; but the world judges differently; my love for her, however pure, has been the cause of her ruin.”

Adams buried his face in his hands and sighed heavily; then grasping his friend’s hand, said:

“I feel now how badly I have acted, how thoughtless I have been. Had I been obedient to the wishes of my parents, all would have been well; but my self-will and proud spirit would not be controlled. Whatever evil happens to me, I have brought on myself, and richly deserve; but what shall I say of my conduct to her whom I love dearer than life—dear, confiding girl. Henry, I implore you, leave me to my fate;



you may yet succeed in discovering the path. Go, I beseech you, lose no time ; you may yet be in time to save them from the savages."

"I will not leave you," said Duncan. "Providence will protect those we love."

The wind now blew furiously ; the tall trees bent their heads to the blast, while above, the dark clouds rushed wildly through the sky. Duncan's mind was filled with deep gloom. Through all the troubles and vicissitudes of life up to this period, he was sustained and supported by hope ; but now even hope seemed to have deserted him. The more he thought of his situation and the difficulties which surrounded him, the deeper he felt the importance of some sustaining power to assist him. Totally unacquainted with the locality where he stood, and impressed by the fact that the Indians might discover himself and his friend with the dawn of the approaching day, when they could easily be taken at a disadvantage, he at length determined to arouse Adams—who had fallen asleep on the withered leaves at his feet—and make a last attempt to reach the house.

After several vain efforts to awake his friend, Duncan lifted him up and kept him in a standing posture for some minutes ; but it was not until he had repeatedly shaken him and called him by name, that he returned to consciousness.

"Adams, my dear fellow," said Duncan, "cheer up—we'll have another trial for it. Come, come, there is hope for us yet. That's right, arouse yourself, George."

"Duncan, leave me, I entreat you," replied Adams, mournfully ; "do not peril all for me. Go ! save poor Maria !"

"I will not leave you here," reiterated Duncan. "We have not far to travel—only exert yourself a little longer ; heaven will direct us."

"Well, Henry, have it as you will—I will try."

Onward again through the thicket and swamp, over the hardwood-ridges where the underwood was almost impassable, and down the steep sides of the pine-covered hills, where the footsteps of white men never trod before, our adventurers pursued their way. Almost overcome with fatigue, weary and faint of heart, Duncan endeavored to cheer his companion ; until at length, completely exhausted, he was forced to



stop and await the light of day. Cutting off some branches from the fir-sapling with his knife, Duncan prepared a rude couch for his friend, on which, in a few minutes, he was sound asleep.

Seating himself close to his friend, Henry placed his rifle on the ground at his side, and prayed earnestly for the dawn.

In the mean time the storm increased with redoubled fury; the gale swept wildly through the forest, making the stoutest trees quiver and shake to their roots. Through the interstices of the branching oaks, Duncan watched the heavy masses of cloud driven by the rushing gale through the dark sky, and thought how nearly their confused appearance resembled his own distracted feelings at that moment. Alas! had he known the truth, and been acquainted with the situation of her he loved on that fatal night, not all his fortitude could have sustained him.

---

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE HOME AND ITS TRAGEDY.

"ANNETTE," said Paul, as he concluded a hasty breakfast, "I must leave you alone for a short time; I go to welcome the master."

"Certainly, my dear Paul," replied Annette. "Oh! how I long to see her. Did you ever see her?"

"See who?" inquired Paul, affectionately.

"Our mistress, you blockhead," replied his wife, tapping him on the chin, coquettishly; "who else?"

"True, true. I remember her well, but I have not seen her for many years."

"Is she handsome, Paul?"

"I have heard her called a beauty by many. I know her to be possessed of a kind heart."

"Paul," whispered Annette, "tell me the color of her eyes; are they like mine?"

"Annette, you speak foolishly; her eyes are not like yours."



"Are they black?" asked Annette. "I love black eyes."

"I wish every one was like her," soliloquized Paul.

"Is she any thing like me?" inquired Annette.

"Oh, cease this nonsense, my dear," said Paul; "you will soon be able to gratify your curiosity. For the present, I hope you will see that every thing is in order, so that when master Henry comes with his intended bride, all may appear pleasant and agreeable."

"Intended bride!" exclaimed Annette. "Paul, you surprise me!"

"It is true," said Paul. "They are to be married here."

"What! married here among the savages?"

"No—no; in this house, my dear—so the agent informed me."

"And by whom? There is no priest here."

"Never mind—a priest can be found."

"Then," said Annette, emphatically, "it must be an Indian priest."

"Not so," answered Paul, "but a countryman of yours."

"Husband, you surprise me. Say, where does he live?"

"You will learn all about it soon enough, my dear. Remember, I will soon return—and now, good-by."

Annette embraced her husband affectionately, and he departed. After parting with her companion, Annette commenced setting the house in order, regulating and altering every thing with her usual good taste, until at length every article of furniture was in its proper place, carefully dusted ready for her master's inspection.

Thus, busily employed, the forenoon was spent. Dinner-time came and passed away, yet Paul did not return. Annette began to feel uncomfortable; but, attributing his delay to a desire of awaiting his master's pleasure, she naturally concluded that he could not return without him. With these reflections occupying her mind, Annette hastily ascended to her chamber in order to arrange her dress and appear to as much advantage as possible. She knew well how necessary this preparation was; to her husband she always appeared respectably and neatly attired—indeed, he had often complimented her for displaying so much good taste, when she was aware that the critical eye of woman would have condemned



her; but now that she was to appear in the presence of her who was to be the future mistress of the establishment, she determined to be more particular than ever. The room in which Annette was thus employed had a large window commanding a view of the lake; close to this window, in a partition which divided the chamber from the front sitting-room, a door was placed for the purpose of affording a more direct communication with the rooms beyond it; these rooms had never been occupied, as they were reserved by Duncan for his own use.

As evening approached, Annette's fears increased for the safety of her husband. She knew how implicitly he always kept his word with her—how anxious he would be to return at the time appointed. Standing at the window, she gazed long and wistfully in the direction of the river beyond the lake, but without discovering any indications of his approach. Hour after hour thus passed without bringing any tidings of Paul, until at length Annette was seriously alarmed for her husband. The view from where she stood was magnificent; before her the calm bosom of the lake, reflecting every tree and shrub upon its banks, flowed undisturbed save by the occasional splashing of the silver-bellied trout as they chased the flies on its surface. Beyond the vicinity of the lake the majestic forest-trees, clothed in all the beautiful variety of autumn foliage, stretched away in the distance until the shadows of the mountains beyond the river rendered it impossible to distinguish their qualities. The fleecy clouds, gilded by the departing sunbeams, floated in the azure sky, and were brilliantly reflected in the lake beneath.

To Annette, whose mind was filled with melancholy forebodings, the beauties of the scene were lost; all her thoughts were absorbed by the anxiety which she felt for her beloved and faithful partner. The plaintive notes of a robin, perched amid the branches of a large birch-tree beneath her window, alone attracted her notice; she felt the sweet tone of melody in her soul; it seemed to her that the innocent bird sympathized with her feelings.

At this instant a loud shout from the opposite side of the lake reached her ear, and almost immediately afterward a band of savages, numbering some twenty or thirty, appeared,



making directly for the house, yet at considerable distance from it. Fearing that they meditated mischief, and satisfied that, if they once entered the house, all was lost, she descended rapidly to the kitchen and lower rooms, and secured the doors and windows as well as she could. After this was done she reached down her master's pistols—which Paul had so fortunately cleaned and loaded the night before; and, gathering up all the valuables and money she could conveniently find, ascended once more to the room above, determined to sell her life dearly if attacked by the Indians. Offering up fervent prayers for herself and her husband, Annette, with beating heart, again took her station at the window and looked toward the lake, but the savages were nowhere to be seen. Opening the door, before mentioned, she placed the articles she had brought up in the room beyond, and, securing the door, again tremblingly awaited her fate.

As the sunlight faded in the sky, and the shades of night began to creep over the scene, Annette's mind increased in gloom. Never before had she felt so forlorn and abandoned as now; never did she experience such soul-harrowing torture as at this moment. Could she be satisfied of her husband's safety, she had cared less for her own; but alas! this comfort was denied her.

As the darkness increased and the wind shook the foliage of the trees, Annette's fears augmented; another hour had passed without bringing to her the slightest hope of deliverance.

"Oh, heaven! what is that?" cried the poor creature, as a bright light suddenly illuminated the room. "Oh, God, have mercy on me! they have set the house on fire!"

Falling prostrate in her agony on the floor of the room, she remained for several minutes unconscious of what was passing around her.

In the mean time the savages, hideously painted, danced round the building, uttering the most horrible and fearful threats, and howling, whooping and screaming like so many fiends.

Amid the roar of the fire, lashed into fury by the increasing gale, the wild yells of the Indians, and the horrible anticipations which took possession of her mind, this unfortunate



but heroic woman maintained a degree of self-confidence truly remarkable.

Broad bands of flame now shot upward through the ceilings of the rooms next to the chamber where she lay, filling every nook and corner with thick, black smoke, while the increasing heat warned Annette that her hours were numbered. Half stifled by the suffocating air, Annette sprung to her feet and rushed toward the window, from which every object was distinctly visible, the bright light reaching even beyond the lake, on the margin of which she perceived several Indians, loaded with plunder, moving off toward the woods. Finding it impossible to remain any longer, and conscious that her only hope of escape was by the window, she prepared to descend. Having fastened her bed-coverings together firmly, she secured one end to the bedstead, and, lifting the sash, threw the other out. It almost reached the ground. Placing the money and such other articles as were portable in the folds of her dress, and securing the pistols on her person, she carefully descended and reached the ground in safety.

Just as Annette had effected her escape, the door, of which mention has been made, was dashed violently open, and a fierce-looking savage rushed into the apartment. Perceiving with his keen glance that the occupant was gone, he looked toward the window, and, with a yell of triumph, prepared to descend. Annette had scarcely time to breathe a prayer of thankfulness for her deliverance, when the horrid cry pierced her ear. Turning quickly, she perceived the Indian in the act of descending, and satisfied that once in his power she was lost forever, she drew one of the pistols from her dress, and, cocking it, stood ready for defense.

The Indian, having reached the ground, seized his tomahawk and sprung toward his intended victim. Ere the weapon fell a bullet had pierced his heart. The powerful form of the Indian rolled in the dust at her feet. Sick at heart with the awful sight, Annette threw the instrument of death from her hand, and, invoking the protection of heaven, sought a shelter beneath the wide-spreading branches of the beech-tree, where she determined to pass the night.

Every part of the building was now enveloped in flames, the walls tottered and shook to their foundations with the



roof, swayed by the force of the wind, rocked to and fro for a few moments, and then, with a tremendous crash, fell in carrying the walls and ceilings with it, and burying the whole in the deep cellar beneath.

---

## CHAPTER VIII.

### JULIA STANHOPE.

JULIA STANHOPE was left an orphan at the age of fourteen. Her mother died when her child was very young, leaving to her disconsolate partner the task of educating his daughter. Possessing but feeble health, Stanhope—who held a commission in the army, and had been severely wounded in one of those desperate but unsuccessful attempts made by the Spanish to recover the fortress of Gibraltar, while his regiment was stationed there—determined to resign and return to London, his native place. His brother, who had commenced business as a merchant in Quebec, where the regiment was then located, endeavored as much as possible to dissuade Stanhope from returning, promising, if he consented to remain, to divide his worldly substance with him, and do all in his power to promote the well-being of Julia. To these generous offers Stanhope would not listen; his increasing ill-health and declining strength warned him that his days were numbered, and, anxious for the permanent establishment of his beloved child, he sailed for England, taking her with him. On his arrival in London he found that his only sister was a widow, her husband, Lieutenant-Colonel Carrington of the Guards, a man of immense wealth, having suddenly died. This melancholy intelligence filled the mind of Stanhope with painful emotions. Carrington had been his companion in many a hard-fought battle, and when, after the demise of his parents, he had bestowed the hand of his sister upon him, he felt that he had performed a sacred duty which his parents would have willingly sanctioned.

Helen Carrington received her brother and his child with



every demonstration of love. To her this was indeed a welcome visit; she had long hoped to see her brother, of whose ill-health she had been apprised by letter, and, judging by her own feelings, knew well how to sympathize with him. Having no children, she was delighted with Julia, whose amiable temper and good manners won her esteem and secured her love.

Stanhope one day took his daughter's hand, and, placing it in that of his sister, said:

"Take her, Helen, and love her as she deserves to be loved; I place her in your charge, conscious that when I am gone you will be to her a protector—that you will care for her tenderly."

"Oh, father! don't leave me," said Julia, clasping her arms round him, the tears streaming from her eyes.

"I will be a mother to her," exclaimed Helen, much moved.

"My darling child," said Stanhope, "I can not be with you always; be obedient to your aunt and mindful of all she says to you, and your Heavenly Father, who is always near, will bless and protect you."

"Julia, my love, you will spoil those pretty blue eyes by crying so much," interrupted Helen, imprinting a kiss upon the fair brow of her beautiful niece. "You distress papa, my dear."

"I will see you as often as I can, my child," continued Stanhope, deeply affected, "so long as Providence permits it; but, when I am called away, it will give me great pleasure to know that you are well provided for."

"I hope you will be long spared to us," ejaculated Helen; "but the will of God be done."

"And now, my sweet Julia, I will leave you with your aunt. I have some matters to arrange in the city which demand my attention. After my business is completed I will return," said Stanhope, affectionately embracing his daughter and sister.

"Let me go with you, father," said Julia, still clinging to him.

Stanhope gently disengaged himself from her embrace and looked at Helen.



Helen caught Julia in her arms, and Stanhope departed.

For some time after her father left, Julia was inconsolable; but her aunt's affectionate attention to her every wish assisted materially to reconcile her.

From the moment of his arrival in London, Stanhope's health visibly declined—he felt that the hour of his departure was at hand; his wound, which had never entirely healed, now broke out afresh, baffling the skill of the most experienced physicians. Every attention which her wealth could command or her love suggest, was unceasingly bestowed upon her afflicted brother by Lady Carrington. Julia could rarely be induced to leave his bedside even for an instant; but all their care and love could not turn away the unerring shaft of death, or delay the fatal stroke. Finding that he must die, Stanhope invoked the protection of Heaven for his child, and felt reconciled to meet his fate. With a becoming composure, which his trust in the arm of Omnipotence engendered, Stanhope yielded up his soul and passed away from earth. To describe the anguish which took possession of Julia's mind when the awful truth broke upon her, is impossible. Years after, when surrounded by the votaries of fashion, in the gilded palaces of the great and the noble, courted, flattered and almost worshiped for her beauty and mental accomplishments Julia did not, could not, forget that hour.

Thus, year after year fled, yet Julia remained unmarried. She had several excellent offers for her hand; but, notwithstanding that many of these offers were approved by Lady Carrington, the young lady would not consent to bestow her hand where interest, not love, made the demand.

One evening, just as Julia was entering her carriage, one of her aunt's servants placed a note in her hand. Hastily perusing it, she ordered the vehicle away and re-entered the house. Her aunt was waiting for her in the drawing-room.

"Well, Lady Carrington, what now?" asked Julia, pettishly.

"I presume you are displeased, Julia; but you should not go out to-night after what has occurred," said Lady Carrington, haughtily.

"I do not wish to be found fault with always," replied Julia.



"Then you should endeavor to act differently."

"Upon my word, aunt, you really surprise me."

"I know not why you continue to despise me, Julia."

"Despise you, Lady Carrington—this is too much!"

"I have sent for you, Julia, and I beg you will consider well before you answer me, as I shall consent to nothing that is not in accordance with truth and reason."

"And pray," interrupted Julia, "do you imagine I shall?"

"You are now twenty-four years old," continued Lady Carrington, "and, since your father's death, I have done all I could to promote your welfare. You have received some excellent offers for your hand, but, with an obstinacy unaccountable to me, you have refused them all. I now ask you, for the last time, are you determined to remain single?"

"Have I not a *right* to refuse, aunt?"

"That depends upon circumstances. You know I am growing old; I do not expect to live forever—but I perceive you are determined to make me miserable."

"I am not willing to bestow my hand where I can not love."

"You have not answered my question, Julia."

"Well, aunt, if my presence makes you miserable—"

"You will leave me, I suppose?" interrupted Lady Carrington.

"I certainly will, sooner than marry Harcourt," said Julia, with firmness. "I will *not* unite myself to a heartless fop!"

"Harcourt is a man of honor and loves you devotedly; and, although you acted rudely toward him this morning, yet he called since and told me he had forgotten your unkindness, and hoped you would consent to be his."

"Never!" said Julia, emphatically.

"It is my pleasure that you marry him," persisted Lady Carrington.

"Aunt," replied Julia, "I will not be tormented in this way."

"And if you will not marry him," continued Lady Carrington, "never expect any thing from me."

"I will not be driven into a marriage with Harcourt," said Julia; "I will go to my uncle first—I want nothing from you."



"What vulgar notions are these—headstrong girl!"

"Aunt, I am determined, resolved—think of it as you please."

"Then," said Lady Carrington, "our last conference is at an end; you can do as you please. I will *not* have my wishes contradicted."

"I shall leave by the next packet for Quebec," replied Julia, in great anger. "There I will at least have peace."

"You are at liberty," said Lady Carrington, rising from her seat with evident embarrassment and leaving the room.

After Lady Carrington had parted from her niece, she entered her library and found Charles Harcourt awaiting her.

"Well, madame," said he, saluting her respectfully, "how did you succeed?"

"Not at all; Julia is incorrigible."

"Indeed!"

"She actually threatened to leave me, when I spoke of you."

"Leave you!" echoed Harcourt, his gray eyes lighting up with pleasure; "and for what purpose, my dear madame?"

"To my great surprise, she spoke of her uncle, who is a merchant in Quebec," replied Lady Carrington.

"What a determined girl she is," said Harcourt, with affected displeasure.

"I think her exceedingly foolish."

"Yes, indeed, my dear madame, in refusing me she has not displayed much wisdom, but then she is so self-willed."

"I have done all I could to persuade her," said Lady Carrington, "and she must not blame me."

"No one can find fault with you, madame. Yet I do not despair; I *shall* prevail on her to accept my hand."

"On what do you build your hopes?"

"Lady Carrington," said Harcourt, his harsh features assuming a calmness he did not feel; "if I have your consent, I shall soon be even with Miss Julia."

"I do not understand you, sir."

"Nothing more simple in the world, madame. Once on board the packet, she will be glad to return; she can not bear a sea-voyage. I shall have her yet!"

"You are too sanguine, sir. You do not know Julia."



"Ah, my dear madame, you speak despairingly; but we shall see—we shall see."

"I can assure you, Mr. Harcourt," said Lady Carrington, emphatically, "that I have no fears for Julia. I know her too well to believe she has the most remote idea of carrying out her threat; but if I had the least thought that she would do so, sooner than connect herself with you, I would prevent it by—"

"Giving me the door," interrupted Harcourt, angrily.

"You are very near the truth, sir."

"And what would then become of you, madame?"

"You threaten, Mr. Harcourt."

"That last debt at Lord Radnor's card party, makes the sum ten thousand pounds, for which I hold your bond, and I am not one to urge ulterior measures."

"If you mention this subject again, sir, I shall discharge the debt, although it must put me to some inconvenience at this moment."

"You misunderstand me, Lady Carrington, you do, indeed."

"Perhaps I do, sir; but—"

"My dear madame," said Harcourt, politely bowing, "permit me to explain. I pledge you my honor that the welfare of Miss Stanhope alone prompted me to speak. It was for her sake I mentioned the bond; you, I make no doubt, will be of my opinion when I state that the subject being introduced to her, might have some influence."

"You mistake my niece altogether, Mr. Harcourt; and should you mention this again, even to me, I shall be tempted to—"

"Dismiss me, I suppose," interrupted Harcourt, with a contemptuous leer.

"Not exactly, sir, but I should permit my niece to please herself."

"Lady Carrington," said Harcourt, "when I proposed for the hand of Miss Stanhope, I did so as a man of honor. All that I possess, life, fortune and estate, I laid at her feet; I received your consent to address her; all I ask is an interview; this you promised me."

"Which Julia will not grant, nor I command," replied Lady Carrington, with emphasis. "As to my promise, sir, you know how I succeeded."



"Well, madame," said Harcourt, preparing to leave, "I will not longer occupy your time; but, depend upon it, I will have Julia yet—ay, if I have to follow her even across the Atlantic."

"In an honorable way, Mr. Harcourt, I have no objection."

"Of course, my dear madame, my motives are pure; so, arewell."

"Farewell, sir," said Lady Carrington, as Harcourt left the room.

---

Three months from this period found Julia on her way to Canada, with the disastrous termination of which the reader is acquainted. After Julia's departure, Harcourt—who fancied himself too well versed in the study of human nature to be deceived by a woman, hastened to the residence of Lady Carrington, almost beside himself with rage, but with great astonishment found that lady as cool and collected as ever.

"I can not but admire your calmness, madame," said Harcourt, almost choked with anger. "On the present occasion particularly you deserve to be commended; but 'tis ever the same with woman—heartless to the end—"

"Mr. Harcourt," replied Lady Carrington, lifting her eyes from a book she was perusing when he so unceremoniously entered, "if you think my calmness proceeds from heartlessness, you make a very great mistake—I would be pleased to have you explain."

"Madame, I am not to be deceived!"

"Deceived! Sir, you are mistaken—you forget yourself."

"I regret to say, I have been deceived, and by you, madame."

"Really, sir, this conduct is unpardonable."

"Yes, madame, I repeat it, you have deceived me; but I have deserved it. I trusted implicitly to your professions of friendship, when my knowledge of your sex should have taught me better."

"Mr. Harcourt, you deceive yourself. I can not accuse myself with having deceived you."

"You did not apprise me of Julia's departure."

"I repeatedly warned you of her intentions, sir; do you deny this?"



"Well, madame, it does not matter now, whether you did or did not. Julia is no longer here, and, as she could not leave without your knowledge, I presume you know where she is gone; as I am determined to follow her, this information is absolutely necessary."

"Julia is with her uncle, ere this," said Lady Carrington, "and, if your passion for adventure has overcome your prudence, you can seek her there."

"I am determined, madame, and shall leave for America by the next packet," replied Harcourt, emphatically. "You may yet have reason to remember your conduct toward me; and now, farewell."

In less than one week after this interview, Harcourt sailed for Halifax, where he arrived in safety, to find that Julia was there before him; and learned that the vessel in which Julia sailed had been wrecked in the gulf—also that her deliverer, Captain Duncan, to whose generosity many of the passengers were indebted for their lives, had taken apartments for her at one of the principal hotels. There she intended to remain until he returned from Quebec (whither he was bound at the time he fell in with the wreck.) Having learned these particulars, Harcourt determined to profit by them. All his fears vanished as if by enchantment; he now found himself in the same place with Julia, and at liberty to act as he thought best for the accomplishment of his wishes.

---

## CHAPTER IX.

### JULIA'S FORTUNES.

FROM the moment Julia parted with her aunt, a presentiment of evil took possession of her. The unwelcome and unceasing attentions of Harcourt, coupled with Lady Carrington's importunities in his favor, had become a source of such annoyance, as to render her existence miserable, and no longer to be endured. Convinced that her absence alone would have the effect of turning Harcourt's thoughts to



some other object, and freeing her from his disagreeable proposals, she determined to visit her uncle at Quebec, from whom she had recently received letters of invitation filled with the warmest protestations of regard.

During the early portion of the voyage the weather was fine and the wind favorable; but, ere the second week had passed away, the sky became dark. Large masses of clouds rolled up from the south, and moved rapidly through the misty air. The dark blue waves towered up from the horizon and chased each other over the broad face of the deep, occasionally dashing against the vessel's side as the gale increased, now lifting her on high, surrounded by the white foam on their crests, and again dashing above her deck and threatening to engulf the ship.

There were but two passengers in the cabin besides Julia—a Canadian merchant and his son, to whom a great portion of the freight on board the vessel belonged. With these persons Julia had but little converse, their minds being so engrossed with business matters as to prevent them from enjoying her society or affording her that pleasure which the interchange of thought is calculated to produce.

Between decks, and in the steerage, a number of emigrants, principally of the poorer classes, had taken passage, and, during the storm, suffered severely in consequence of the miserable berths in which they were placed. Crowded together more like wild beasts than human beings, these unfortunate creatures—having no light but such as a few ill-fed lamps supplied, were actually forced to remain in their filthy resting places for days, without the possibility of receiving from each other the least assistance, or supplying the wants of themselves or their wretched families.

Meantime, the ship, with her living cargo, plunged madly through the mountain billows on the wings of the storm toward the land of promise, while her hardy officers and weather-beaten crew stood at their posts in defiance of the gale.

Seeing no probability of the storm abating, the captain gave directions to keep the ship before the wind, to prevent her from straining, as she began to labor very heavily; but, the order had scarcely passed his lips, when a tremendous



sea struck the vessel on the weather-quarter, and threw her on her beam-ends. This unfortunate accident rendered the vessel completely unmanageable, and what was more to be lamented, swept the captain and four of his men from the deck. With presence of mind truly praiseworthy, the surviving portion of the crew immediately cut away the masts, which, with an awful crash, went by the board, and the ship was once more righted. The wind having now spent its violence, the sea began to subside, and in a few hours was comparatively calm.

The first officer—who now filled the captain's place—ordered the hatches to be removed—but what a sight met the eye! The miserable passengers, some with broken legs or arms, others severely wounded, and all more or less injured, crying and groaning with pain and agony, were found stretched about the lower deck, in situations impossible to describe. When the seamen entered the cabin, they found the merchant lying on the floor supported by his son, both bleeding profusely. Julia was discovered stretched across the door of her state-room, to all appearance dead; but, on removing her to the upper deck, she revived. While the tender-hearted seamen were thus engaged, endeavoring to assist their companions in trouble, bandaging the wounded, and doing all that lay in their power to console the afflicted, the night set in upon them; and there upon the wide ocean, tossed about at the mercy of the billows, in their extremity His arm was by to save. Just as the first streaks of gray dawn belted the eastern horizon, one of the sailors espied the white sails of a small schooner in the distance, and quickly the glad news circulated from mouth to mouth. Julia, who was well-nigh driven to despair, felt the dawning of hope in her heart, and from the deck, where she was seated, watched the approach of the little vessel with as much anxiety as did Noah for the return of his white-winged dove.

The golden chariot of the sun, surrounded by the purple clouds of the morning, had but just arisen in the eastern sky, when Duncan discovered the ill-fated ship as she lay like a log upon the surface of the deep. Altering the course of his vessel he soon arrived alongside the wreck, and before noon, with the assistance of the ship's crew, had transferred the passengers to the deck of the schooner.



Having done all that lay in his power for the unfortunate passengers whom he had so opportunely rescued, he set sail for Halifax, where he arrived, as before mentioned.

In the parlor of the hotel to which Julia had been conducted, Duncan, previous to his departure in order to complete his voyage, stood awaiting her presence; in a few moments she was at his side.

"I could not leave without calling to see you, Miss Stanhope," said he. "I am but a rough sailor, and there are many things which I may have forgotten that would add to your comfort. As I shall be absent for some time, I feel anxious to know whether I can not, before I leave, be permitted to offer my services in procuring what you may want."

"I am under obligations to you, sir, which I can never repay. Could my uncle be made acquainted with your kindness, it would indeed make me happy—yet I may never see you or him again."

"Miss Stanhope, if there is any thing in my power—"

"I am unwilling to trespass on your kindness," continued Julia, "and yet, I must acknowledge I could not take so much liberty with any one, as I have with you. You have reposed confidence in me, by imparting to me your history without knowing mine; how would you feel if I was inclined to abuse it?"

"Impossible!" said Duncan, emphatically.

"And yet you only know my name," said Julia, with a smile. "There are those who knew me intimately who did not trust me as you have."

"Miss Stanhope," interrupted Duncan, laying his hand on his heart, "I have a monitor here that tells me my life and honor would be safe in your keeping."

"Indeed! Well, sir, your generous conduct deserves some return; I must be indebted to you for one favor more."

"It will give me infinite pleasure," said Duncan; "only mention it."

"I have an uncle living at Quebec," said Julia. "I believe you are going there; is it not so?"

"That is my intention," replied Duncan; "but I return immediately."

"It would oblige me much," continued Julia, "if you would



deliver this letter to him ; and should you see him, it is possible he may give you one in return for me. Now, sir, you find I can place confidence in you."

"All shall be done as you command," said Duncan, taking the letter.

"And now, Captain Duncan," said Julia, with deep emotion, "your delicacy has prevented you from asking any favor of me ; nevertheless, I have not been unmindful of your merits. To you I owe my life ; and all that honor or truth will sanction, or prudence dictate, I shall ever consider my duty to do for you in return ; nay, do not interrupt me—this paper contains all I would say, but before I give it you, I demand a promise from you."

"Whatever Miss Stanhope asks of me," said Duncan, "she may consider already granted."

"Then," continued Julia, "promise me not to read its contents until your vessel is at least one day's sail from the land."

"On my honor, all that you ask I promise," said Duncan.

"This paper, sir, will explain all ; and now, farewell !"

Duncan took Julia's offered hand, and pressing it to his lips, left the room.

---

About one month after her interview with Duncan, Julia was seated at the window of her room, which overlooked the docks in which several vessels were loading and discharging their cargoes. While engaged contemplating the scene, a valet entered the apartment and handed her a letter, the contents of which ran thus :

"MADAME :—I regret to be compelled thus unceremoniously to request your departure from this house ; but circumstances have transpired which render it impossible for me to allow you remaining any longer without compromising your reputation, as it is a notoriously disreputable place of resort, and not at all suited for Miss Julia Stanhope. Your friend, ———."

Julia read this epistle—without date or signature—over and over again, wondering who her anonymous correspondent could be ; but, as she was totally unacquainted with any person in the place, except in matters of business, it was very difficult for her to come to any conclusion.



Since her arrival at the hotel, Julia had never witnessed the least impropriety; she was always treated with delicacy and respect; in fact, every member of the establishment seemed determined that nothing should be wanting on their part to contribute to her comfort and happiness. Wearied with thinking, she called the valet and inquired from whom he received the letter, but he could not inform her. The valet had scarcely retired when Julia's attention was attracted by the movements of a man muffled in a long riding-cloak, who passed the window repeatedly and seemed anxious to attract her notice, while, at the same time, he appeared to avoid as much as possible the observation of the passers-by with whom he sometimes came in contact. The strange and unaccountable movements of this individual appeared to Julia as having some connection with the note she had received, and, determined to watch him narrowly, she withdrew some distance from the window, where she was able to see without being discovered.

After a few moments had thus passed, Julia perceived the stranger again approaching, evidently determined to pass close by the window. Not seeing the object of his attention at the window, the man suddenly stopped and gazed anxiously toward the house. At this instant Julia, with a cry of surprise, recognized her vindictive tormentor, Charles Harcourt.

---

## CHAPTER X.

### A WOMAN'S DECLARATION.

NEVER before had Duncan experienced such a contrariety of feelings as on the day after parting with Julia. Hope and despair alternately took possession of his soul. At one moment a fear of having appeared unsociable in the presence of her he ardently loved, haunted him; the next instant his fears vanished before a hope which rushed through his heart and made his eyes sparkle with joy. Seated at the table in his cabin, with a momentous epistle laying unopened before him,



he anxiously awaited the hour when he could honorably possess himself of its contents. Time appeared, to the impatient mind of Duncan, to stand still and mock him; but, he was never more mistaken, for his watch already marked the limited hour. In an instant the seal was broken, and, while his gallant craft cut her way through the blue waves before a prosperous gale, he read the following lines:

"My hand trembles while I write. I fear that you will think me ungrateful; oh! if you but knew my heart I know you would pity me. I would not thus have written, but the confidence you have reposed in me demands it; I am an orphan like yourself, and my spirit will not permit me to be a dependent. My relatives are wealthy; I was on my way intending to visit my uncle, for whom I have given you a letter, when the accident occurred that made us acquainted. Dear Henry! my deliverer! can you pardon me for speaking thus? I feel that our destinies should be united. I anxiously await your return. See my uncle if possible and bring his answer to the afflicted but hopeful  
JULIA."

"Now heaven be thanked!" said Duncan. "The dear creature loves me!" and he covered the letter with kisses.

Who can imagine, much less describe, the flood of bliss that now filled Duncan's breast, and swallowed up every emotion of his soul? Who could portray the joyful anticipations which the bright pencil of hope had written on his heart? None but those who, like him, felt the realization of their first dream of love. When Duncan reached the deck, every object seemed to partake of his joy; the sky looked brighter, the sun seemed to smile upon him, the glassy waves to reflect his happiness. Time now flew by unheeded—the only difficulty was that time did not fly half so fast as Duncan wished.

On his arrival at Quebec, Duncan made inquiry for Julia's uncle, and learned with regret that he was just too late to see him alive. Mr. Stanhope had expired on the same day that Julia landed at Halifax, leaving all that he possessed in the hands of his creditors—in other words, he died a poor man; but, as he was never married, this fact did not disturb the minds of many.

Having completed his business and made every necessary preparation for his return, Duncan ordered his men on board,



and then made a visit to the seminary where Maria had been left to finish her education.

Paul's daughter had grown quite a woman since Duncan's last visit, and appeared to him not only exceedingly interesting, but handsome and accomplished. There was a shade of melancholy on the countenance of Maria when Duncan arose to bid her farewell. She held his hand firmly in hers and said:

"Do not leave me here, Mr. Duncan. I wish to see my father; besides, I am now strong and able to help him."

"But, my dear girl," interrupted Duncan, "our settlement is but in its infancy yet, and your father may not be pleased if you visit him now. Would it not be better that you remain until my return here next year?"

"Oh! no, sir; I have learned now all they can teach me, and I am very anxious to see my dear father," replied Maria.

"Well, my dear," said Duncan, "if you are determined, I see no reason why your wishes should not be gratified. Get your things ready; I will call for you after I have arranged with the governess."

"Thank you, thank you a thousand times," ejaculated Maria, as she hurried away to prepare for her departure.

Duncan found the governess very unwilling to part with her pupil, for whom she entertained sentiments of love; but, Duncan having represented Maria's anxiety to see her father, she at length consented.

On his return Duncan found the young lady ready to accompany him, and, after taking leave of the good-natured governess—who appeared much affected—they proceeded on board and found the vessel ready to sail. With a fair wind and clear sky, the schooner, under a press of canvas, left the wharves of Quebec for the last time.

As they proceeded down the river, Maria could not help admiring the gorgeous scenery on both sides of the vessel; before her lay the Isle of Orleans, studded with white cottages partly concealed by the foliage of the trees, looking like a floating Paradise in the midst of the waters. The high, towering cliffs crowned with verdure, the deep, romantic bays and picturesque headlands, up whose sides the wild deer sportively climbed, all had an inexpressible charm for her. Three days after his departure Duncan arrived in Gaspe bay, where he



had some business to transact which obliged him to bring his vessel to anchor. This was hardly accomplished when a boat was seen pulling toward them from the shore, and in a few minutes she was alongside. In the stern of the boat, besides the agent, who transacted business for him in Gaspe, Duncan was surprised to see a stranger. This person was a young man of pleasing exterior and agreeable countenance, with whom the agent appeared very intimate. On their reaching the deck the agent introduced the youth to his employer, and requested for him a passage to Halifax if it was in Duncan's power to grant it.

"It will give me much pleasure to accommodate you, Mr. Adams," said Duncan, "particularly as you are a townsman of mine. I hope to have a pleasant passage and shall be happy to have your company."

"I feel infinitely obliged," replied Adams, "and will pay you whatever you consider right to demand."

"We will arrange that when we arrive, sir; but I am forgetting myself. Come, gentlemen, a glass of wine will do no harm. I always make it a point, previous to closing any business transaction, to taste wine with my friends."

"If that is Captain Duncan's ultimatum," said Adams, smiling, "I suppose we must submit."

After his business was concluded, Duncan gave orders to weigh anchor, and in a few moments the vessel, with all sails flowing, was once more battling with the billows. The agent now took his leave, and wishing them a prosperous voyage, was soon lost to view in the distance.

---

## CHAPTER XI.

### A VILLAIN FOILED.

DURING several days after she had seen Harcourt, Julia kept her room, anxious, as much as possible, to avoid a man she could not love, and whose attentions had ever been to her a source of unutterable pain. Several attempts had been made



by Harcourt to procure an interview, but, by some means or other, all his machinations were unsuccessful. At length, driven to desperation, he took rooms at the hotel, determined, if he could not possess Julia by intimidation, to secure her by force.

The chamber in which Julia slept was situated in the rear of the building, and could only be entered from the large front room through a sliding door in the partition. This door was never bolted by her in consequence of the front entrance being firmly secured every night before she retired.

On a dark and stormy night, just one week from the time she entered her self-imposed imprisonment, Julia sat near her bedside, reading from a small prayer-book, the gift of her lamented father. Close at her side, and between her and the door, her toilet was placed, on which burned a silver night-lamp. The wind blew in fitful gusts, shaking the building occasionally as if it had been commissioned to remove it. Julia had disrobed in order to seek her couch, but she never did so without imploring the protecting care of Heaven for herself and those she loved.

At this moment she thought she heard her name pronounced; but, believing it the result of imagination, she continued her devotions. After she had concluded, she closed the book and placed it on the table; then, rising from her seat, she trimmed the lamp, and was about to step into her couch, when the sound of a footstep suddenly arrested her attention. Listening attentively, she distinctly heard the noise repeated, but apparently more distant than before. Lifting the lamp from the table, she cautiously approached the door, and, unfolding it, looked into the room beyond. Every article of furniture was in its usual place. Stepping into the apartment, she examined the locks and bolts, but all were secured as she had left them. Having satisfied herself that all was right, she returned to her chamber, closed the door, and, throwing herself upon the couch, sought repose. But "balmy sleep" could not press her eyelids down. In vain she courted slumber. In this unpleasant state of mind Julia continued for some time, until, at length, wearied with thinking, she sat up in her bed, resolved to put out the light, hoping by this means to find rest. Just as her fingers



encircled the lamp, a heavy footstep passed close to the door—so close, indeed, that she distinctly heard the rustling of some garment against it. Rising instantly, she hastened to throw around her a heavy silk cloak which lay on a chair beside her, and such other articles of dress as the nature of the case admitted. This she had scarcely accomplished, when, to her inexpressible horror, the door opened and Harcourt appeared in the opening! With a cry of terror she sprang toward the bell-pull, but, ere she reached it, was clasped in the embrace of the cowardly villain and borne from the room. With a powerful effort she sought to free herself from his arms, but all her exertions were useless. Exhausted by her attempts to shake off the villain's grasp, Julia's strength failed and she fainted in his embrace.

At this moment a loud knocking at the front door startled Harcourt. The servants belonging to the house, startled by Julia's scream of agony, rushed immediately toward her apartments; but, not being able to gain admittance, and hearing no repetition of the noise, concluded to retire. They had not, however, left the door, when Julia, slowly returning to consciousness, exclaimed:

"Help! Oh, help!"

Knocking now louder than before, the servants heard the bolts withdrawn, and, before they could resolve what to do, the door was pushed violently open, and a man, enveloped in a large cloak so as completely to conceal his face, rushed by them, and was in a moment nowhere to be seen.

One of the serving-women, followed by her companions, entered the room, and was just in time to catch Julia in her arms and prevent her from falling on the floor. With as much speed as possible Julia was conveyed to her couch, where she soon recovered and related all that had occurred.

No sooner were the men-servants acquainted with her wrongs, than they determined to search the building; but, after examining every one of the unoccupied rooms, they were obliged to abandon their search, as they could not discover the traces of any one.

Almost heart-broken, her mind distracted by the eventful occurrences of the night, without a friend to console her, Julia gave way to her uncontrollable grief.



The woman who volunteered to attend upon her during the night, fearful that her fair charge was getting delirious, anxiously prayed for the return of morning, when proper assistance could be obtained.

Daylight at length broke through the casements, and Julia, exhausted by the weight of sorrow which well-nigh overwhelmed her, had fallen into a sound sleep. Well pleased at this unexpected termination of her fears, the attendant rose, and, gently arranging the bed-covering and such articles as had been displaced during the night, prepared to leave the apartment.

At this instant a low tapping at the outside of the entrance door caught her ear. Cautiously approaching it, she demanded who knocked, and, finding it was one of the valets, she withdrew the bolt, and received from him a note directed to Julia. Unwilling to disturb her at this moment, she laid the paper close to the bedside on the toilet; then, closing the door, took a seat at the window of the front room, awaiting the call of her patient.

The sun had mounted high in the heavens, dispelling the storm-clouds and brightly illuminating every object on land and sea, ere Julia awoke. Rising from her couch, she carefully dressed herself, and, in doing so, laid some of her garments upon the table, thus inadvertently concealing the note. Having concluded her arrangements, Julia called the attendant, who immediately answered her summons, and gave her directions to have her trunks packed directly, as she was determined to leave that day.

The attendant proceeded to fulfill Julia's request, and while thus employed wondered much where she intended to remove; but, although she knew there were many houses of entertainment in the town, yet she was aware that none bore so respectable a character as the one in which she lived. Thinking thus, the attendant lifted the garments from the table, and perceiving the note where she had left it unopened, took it up and carried it to Julia, who stood at the window.

"This note, my lady, is for you," said the attendant.

"Note! and for me?" inquired Julia, hastily turning from the window. "Why not give it me before?"

"I feared to disturb you, madame," said the attendant, demurely



Julia took the note, and, breaking the seal, read as follows:

"JULIA:—You have treated me with contempt. I have learned to value your proud and haughty manner toward me for what it is worth. I have pledged my honor to your aunt that you *shall* be mine. You know your aunt wishes our union; why, then, do you not consent? I anxiously await your decision. I am closer to you than you imagine. I failed last night—I shall be more cautious in future. Think well of what I say, and don't drive me to madness, for, with or without marriage, you are *mine*. H."

"Despicable, worthless coward!" exclaimed Julia. "Oh! would that Duncan were here!"

"Duncan is here!" said a well-known voice behind her.

"Oh! Heaven be thanked!" ejaculated Julia, as she turned toward her deliverer, and fell fainting in his arms.

"Julia, dear Julia," said Duncan, as he sprinkled her face with water which the attendant brought him, "for God's sake—for my sake endeavor to control your feelings. You must not remain here another hour—I have learned all."

"Promise not to leave me," gasped Julia. "Oh, not here! not here!"

"Certainly not," replied Duncan; "there are other places."

"Anywhere," said Julia, gazing fixedly at Duncan, "anywhere with you, dear Henry."

"There are more hotels than this, dear Julia. I will take you to one in the other end of the town, where you—"

"No, no, I will not remain in this place. Read that note."

Duncan hastily perused it, and then seemed lost in thought.

"Henry," continued Julia, "you will not leave me here?"

"I am at a loss what to advise," said Duncan, with emphasis. "Had your uncle lived, I would take you with me to Quebec, where I am bound after I land my passengers and freight at my new settlement on the Ristigouche; but now I know not what to do."

"My uncle—" said Julia, grasping Duncan's arm.

"Is dead!" sighed Duncan, with great feeling.

"God pity me!" cried Julia, falling on her knees and lifting her hands in earnest supplication.

"Julia, dearest, there is no time to lose. I will find a house where you can remain in safety until my return from this voyage; then, we will be happy."



"I will not let you go without me," exclaimed Julia, winding her arms convulsively around Duncan. "Do *not* leave me, Henry."

"Then," said Duncan, "there is but one alternative."

"What is it, dear Henry? I have now no friend but you."

"If you will not remain here," continued Duncan, "you can take passage in my vessel which leaves this evening for Quebec; I will endeavor to make you comfortable; once there we can make such arrangements as you think proper. I will prepare a state-room for your own use; besides there is a friend of mine and a young girl on board, who will help to make the time pass more agreeably. Are you now content, dearest Julia?"

"Perfectly."

"Then, for the present, farewell," said Duncan. "I go to make the necessary preparations."

That night Duncan's vessel sailed out of Halifax harbor for the last time, and in less than one month arrived in Ristigouche river, as before mentioned.

---

## CHAPTER XII.

### PAUL'S ADVENTURE.

WHEN Paul left his house for the purpose of meeting his employer, the bright beams of the morning sun pierced through the thick foliage of the forest-trees, and brilliantly illuminated the pathway on which he trod. The birds hopped from spray to spray, or, perched among the variegated boughs of the oaks and elms, caroled their matinal hymns of praise. The laughing sky, the blooming earth, all nature rejoiced—yet Paul was sad. When he looked around him and beheld the joyful sunlight dancing on the clear surface of the lake, his feelings were too painful for description—he felt that every thing mocked him. The sportive squirrels, with their brown, silky fur coats, and snow-tipped tails, springing from tree to tree, and from branch to branch, chirping and chattering in their



glee, were to Paul's mind created for the sole purpose of tormenting him with their useless noise.

Thus toiling along, wrapped up in his own painful fancies, Paul entered upon a narrow track that skirted the mountain. A large granite rock, covered with velvet moss and succulent vines loaded with rich crimson flowers, stood close to the path alongside of a tall spruce-tree, round the trunk of which the crimson flowering vines crept and entwined themselves in beautiful festoons until they reached the lower branches, from which they hung and overshadowed the woodland path. The earth and small stones, washed down from the side of the mountain by the spring rain, were here piled up to a considerable height, on the soft surface of which several curious wild flowers and shrubs grew profusely. As Paul advanced toward this spot, a young deer sprung through the underwood and stood with head erect in the midst of the path near to the bank of earth before mentioned. Paul, who, hunter-like, never traveled from home without his trusty rifle, no sooner perceived the noble animal than his right hand instinctively sought the lock of his weapon as he held it beneath his arm; but, recollecting himself, and the necessity which existed for a speedy conference with Duncan, he pushed forward with redoubled speed, determined that nothing should bend him from his purpose. In this part of the forest the trees were of a gigantic size, and grew far apart, affording the traveler an opportunity of seeing to some distance. Just as Paul had reached to within about thirty yards of the place where the animal stood, a large and powerful wolf dashed down the mountain side, and, plunging through the soft clay, sprung upon the deer and fastened his long fangs in his neck. In vain the poor deer sought to free himself from the gripe of his bloodthirsty foe; in vain he tried, by springing hither and thither, to shake off his vigilant enemy; all his efforts were useless, and with one convulsive bound he fell dead at the base of the rock. The report of Paul's rifle now rung through the woods, and, ere the smoke had disappeared, the fierce wolf, with a terrific howl, quitted his prey and rushed with lightning speed up the mountains.

Disappointed by this unexpected result, and surprised that for the first time his aim had been untrue, Paul reloaded his



rifle, and gazing in the direction the wolf had taken, thought he perceived a rustling in the low brushwood about half-way up the hill. Cocking his rifle-lock, he cautiously advanced toward the spot, resolved if he got another sight of the animal, to make his aim certain this time. Before him, a large tree, which had been torn up during the violence of some storm, lay across the way he pursued, and over which it was necessary he should climb before he could ascend the mountain. The bark of this tree was covered with green moss and variegated shrubs to the depth of several inches, which, if pressed down by the hand, would feel as soft as the finest carpet. A large limb, which stuck out at right angles from the tree and was covered in like manner with it, had, when falling, sunk deep into the earth, causing the butt, or thick end, to rise clear out of the ground and free the roots from the soil.

When Paul reached the tree, in order to pass over it he was obliged to stoop forward, so as to catch the other side, or at least find some excrescence by which to assist him in climbing. At this moment a deep growl fell upon his ear and made him shudder. So close did it seem that he expected the next instant to be caught in the grasp of the animal from which it proceeded. Suddenly relinquishing his position, he lost his balance and fell headlong into a sort of cavity which the thick bushes had concealed from his view.

Stunned, bleeding and senseless, Paul lay for some time unable to move; but the cold air within the hollow after a while revived him. When he returned to consciousness, he found himself lying on his back at the bottom of a deep hole, and between him and the sky, so thickly interlaced and woven together were the wild vines and brambles that he could but imperfectly see the light. With an effort which occasioned him severe pain, Paul gained his feet; but, what was his astonishment to find a large aperture just before him, down one side of which a stream of clear water trickled, and fell upon the soil beneath.

The sight which Paul witnessed in this aperture almost froze his blood in his veins. A hideous-looking monster, resembling but faintly the form of a man, covered with thick matted hair which almost concealed his features, stood leaning on a huge club. His eyes, like balls of fire, pierced



through the darkness, his wide, flat nostrils nearly touched his mouth, which extended from ear to ear, while his long white teeth, from which the gums had receded, gave to his countenance an appearance of horror indescribable. Seizing hold of the roots and branches of the vines which grew within his reach, Paul made a desperate attempt to reach the top of the aperture, when, horror of horrors! the loose earth gave way with his touch, and he fell nearly over the place where the fiend stood grinning and mocking him. Gathering himself up as well as he could, the unfortunate man, nearly blinded by the blood which gushed from his temples, again sought to escape. Rendered desperate by his situation, and momentarily losing strength, Paul was determined to exert all his presence of mind this time to reach the surface. Step by step he carefully raised himself, firmly fixing his feet wherever a projecting root or inequality in the sides of the cave permitted it, holding on with all his might by every thing which came in his way. In this manner he reached to within a few feet of the top, when a feeling of faintness nearly overcame him; winding the long roots around his body, he endeavored to support himself, but they were of too pliable a nature to be of much assistance to him.

"Oh! heaven!" exclaimed Paul, in agony, "assist me."

A terrific growl was the only response, causing him to tremble in every limb. Almost mad with pain and excitement, he collected all his powers for a final effort. With his right arm he caught hold of a long root that hung over the edge of the cavity, and, with all his strength, drew his body up until his left hand was on a level with the surface. Having now no hold with his feet, the wretched man swung in mid-air; above him was the cold sky, beneath a monster, whose mocking growls at intervals pierced his brain. In this situation every object appeared to his failing sight the color of blood. His thoughts became confused. Sharp pains unnerved his faculties, yet, unaccountable as it may appear, his presence of mind did not forsake him. At this instant, when all hope seemed dead within him, a powerful hand grasped his arm and drew him to the surface.



## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE THREE MAIDENS AND THEIR SORROW.

IN the cabin of the schooner, confined without the possibility of escape, and in the power of the savages, Julia sat supporting her tender companion, whispering in her ear words of comfort and hope which she herself was very far from feeling.

Meanwhile the work of plunder continued until every thing the Indians thought worth removing was carried away. Oliver now advanced to the cabin, and, unfastening the hatchway, descended the stairs. With a rope which he held in his hand he bound the unfortunate females, beating and ill-treating them in a truly savage manner. Deaf alike to their cries and entreaties, with savage glee he dragged them, half naked, on deck, and then, joined by his followers, danced round them in triumph. At length nature could endure no more, and, exhausted with their sufferings, the wretched women both fell on the deck insensible.

The remorseless Oliver, with a yell of savage triumph, now set the vessel on fire, and, followed by his bloodthirsty band, got into their canoes, and paddled toward the shore.

That part of the river in which the schooner was abandoned by the savages was very wide, and on both sides skirted by long, low marshes, running out into the water over a mile from the woods. Concealed among the long grass, with a paddle in her hand, anxiously watching the movements of the Indians, Rosa sat in her canoe. Perceiving them leave the schooner, and having observed the flames as they encircled masts and rigging, with a beating heart she propelled her light bark onward, and in a few minutes was alongside. On reaching the deck, Rosa immediately made for the cabin in order to ascertain the fate of the ladies; but ere she had reached it, the light of the fire revealed the horrid scene. Seizing a tomahawk that lay close to the bodies, she cut the ropes with which they were bound; then lifting them gently from the deck, carried them with wonderful strength to the canoe.



Pushing into the cabin, she caught up such articles of their clothing as could be found; returning to her little craft, she pushed off from the vessel and made for the beach, which stretched out into the river about one mile above the marsh.

The fire now rushed furiously from stem to stern, lashed by the wind into one wide sheet of flame, completely enveloping the schooner, and lighting up the woods and the river for miles. The Indians to whom this scene afforded great pleasure, danced, shouted and screamed in their savage joy until the vessel, having burnt to the water's edge, sunk beneath the surface, and left them and their unfortunate victims shrouded in darkness.

After Rosa left the schooner, she tore some of the garments she found in the cabin, and carefully bound up the wounds of her wretched companions, sprinkling them plentifully with water; nor did she cease her kind attentions until her canoe struck the beach.

About one mile from the river, and in the neighborhood of a small brook, stood a well-covered wigwam, surrounded by a thick grove of sugar-maple trees. On the banks of the brook about two acres of ground, cleared by the beavers for the purpose of erecting their dwellings and dams, was now covered with long meadow grass.

Fatigued, but not disheartened, Rosa lifted the passive form of Julia, and exerting all her strength, soon arrived with her precious burden at the wigwam, and laying her down, started for the shore. In less than an hour, she returned with Maria, and placed her alongside of Julia; then pulling up a quantity of the wild grass, she prepared two couches for them. Having placed them thereon, once more she left for her canoe. Arrived at the beach, she removed the articles brought from the vessel; then, placing the paddle in it, sent it adrift, judging that, as she would be missed by her people, when they found the canoe empty, they would suppose her to be drowned.

Gathering up the various articles, Rosa returned to the wigwam. The storm which had now greatly increased, added to the darkness of the night, filled the kind-hearted Rosa with gloomy forebodings. Seated on the ground between her two wounded companions, uncertain whether they



would ever revive, she wept bitterly. About midnight, Julia opened her eyes, and finding herself surrounded by the thick darkness, endeavored to speak, but was too faint to articulate a word. Closing her eyes again, a sigh of anguish escaped her lips, when she distinctly heard a voice close to her pronounce the words:

"Great Spirit very good."

"Maria — Duncan! Oh! God of heaven," said Julia faintly.

"No speak, no speak," ejaculated Rosa, laying her hand on Julia's arm, "very bad you speak."

"Who are you? Where am I?" asked Julia, convulsively

"Old man's wigwam; Rosa bring."

"Rosa—Maria! poor Maria!" sighed Julia.

"Me think woman dead," exclaimed the Indian girl.

"Oh, heaven! where am I?" cried Julia, endeavoring to rise, but unable to accomplish her wish.

"Woman very cold," said Rosa, placing her hand on Maria's brow.

"Who?—oh, God! I am with the savages!" exclaimed Julia, who by a great effort had caught Rosa's hand, and grasping it with all her strength, continued: "You are a woman, I know it—you will not kill me? Oh! speak to me—are there Indians here?"

"No; no Indian; me Rosa; me love you!"

"Not an Indian? Where is Maria?" asked Julia.

"Not know," said the Indian maiden, emphatically.

"Poor Maria!" cried Julia, relinquishing her hold of Rosa.

"Suppose speak much you make sick very bad," said Rosa.

"I am thirsty; is there water here?" asked Julia.

"Me get some," answered Rosa, rising from the ground and taking a piece of birch bark from the side of the wigwam; in a few minutes she returned with the water in the hollow of the bark, which was formed to contain it according to the custom of the Indians.

"Thank you, I feel much better now," said Julia, after having drank freely of the water.

Thus passed that eventful night in the depth of the forest.



At length the gray tints of morning stole through the crevices of the wigwam, and visited the living and the dead.

Julia and the Indian girl, exhausted with watching, now slept side by side, regardless of their origin or color. Poor, heart-broken Maria also slept; but alas! it was the long sleep of death! Never again would the light of day call her back to life. Nevermore would the stormy blast disturb the repose of her gentle spirit; alas, poor Maria! Through the gilded windows of the palace, where the inmates slept beneath coverings of silk and velvet; over the mighty city where squalidness and poverty held their nightly vigils; where hood-winked crime and blasting vice stalked about unfettered; where giant intellect with threadbare cloak concealed his tattered fortunes; where great rich men, with narrow souls, slept, heedless of their neighbors' woe; above the quiet vale or green hill-side, where fragrant flowers innocently bloomed; through cottage-casement on the blushing cheek of healthful dame or infant's balmy lip; beneath the snow-crowned summit of the mount where foaming cataracts dashed wildly down; through the dark forest, nature's wild domain, the azure light, on morning's fairy-wings, most brightly beamed; but never did it visit greater woe than dwelt within that solitary hut, surrounded by the silent woods.

When Julia awoke, she could not move her limbs, so painful had they become; she tried to speak, but her tongue was swollen in her mouth; her lips were parched and could only with great difficulty be moved. A burning sensation crept through her veins; a raging fever consumed her.

Rosa slept long and soundly; when she opened her dark eyes the storm had abated, the morning was past. Rising, she caught Maria's hand, but it was stiff and cold.

"Woman dead!" sighed the faithful Indian girl, bursting into tears.

There Maria lay, her once brilliant eyes, that shone more lustrous than costly diamonds, now covered with the film of death—her beautifully chiseled mouth drawn partly aside by her last agony, exposing to view, beneath her full lips, teeth whiter and more brilliant than pearls. There she lay, beautiful in death, the only hope of her father, the only joy of her lover, her limbs cold as sculptured marble. All was over!



Rosa brought some water from the brook, and, washing the body, arranged the torn garments tastefully upon it; then, gathering her glossy ringlets together, she bound them with a fillet of wild-flowers, plucked on the margin of the clear brook, and, having done all that her love indicated, she again sat down to weep.

---

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE WIGWAM'S SORROW.

MORNING also dawned upon Annette as she watched beneath the verdant boughs of the beech-tree; the birds sung among the branches, rejoicing that the storm was past, but their melody found no echo in her heart. Every circumstance connected with her present affliction was too deeply imprinted on her memory ever to be forgotten. Through the long night, exposed to the raging storm, this courageous woman had borne up under her suffering. The prolonged absence of her husband gave her most pain. That Duncan or some of his people did not visit the house was proof that all was wrong.

Determined to know the worst, Annette collected such things as she had saved from the house, and was soon proceeding toward the river on the path pursued by Paul.

When Annette found herself alone in the forest, following the circuitous windings of the woodland path, she could not avoid feeling how easily the Indians might rush upon and murder her from behind the thick bushes through which she was obliged to force her way. Looking anxiously around her, she was resolved, if possible, not to be taken by surprise. She walked along, holding the bundle in one hand and pushing the branches of the low saplings that crossed her path aside with the other. Having reached the pine woods, Annette felt more at ease, as she could now see to a considerable distance before her. She quickened her pace until she came to a place where two paths branched off from the one she pursued. Following the one on the right, she soon arrived at a deep and rapid brook which crossed the pathway.



Over this brook a large pine-log—answering as a sort of rude bridge—had been placed. It required no little resolution and care to cross it safely. She, however, succeeded beyond her hopes. The pathway from the brook wound round a hill for a short distance and then followed the course of the stream in an easterly direction. Perplexed beyond measure, Annette in vain sought to discover some other track, satisfied that this was not the path by which Paul conducted her to the lake. She recollected distinctly having crossed the brook on that occasion, although at that time she thought there was a much better bridge than the present one, but the path she had traveled to the brook was perfectly straight and did not wind round the hill as this. Annette had, indeed, mistaken her way.

After deliberating some time, she determined to pursue the path before her, which, as it followed the stream, she judged must lead to the river. Once there she could easily find her way. With redoubled speed she endeavored to make up for the time lost; this, however, was impossible; her fatigue rendered it impossible to continue at the pace she had assumed. Hour after hour this poor creature traveled on—still, the woods were before her; at every turn and winding of the path she hoped to see the river, but as yet nothing appeared to indicate its vicinity.

At length, wearied and forlorn, Annette was about to give up in despair, when a wide meadow, stretching for some distance on both sides of the brook, and extending to the pathway, burst upon her view. At the end of this meadow, through the interstices of the trees, she perceived an Indian wigwam. Fearing to approach it, she stood still on the path, uncertain what to do.

Almost driven to desperation by this unlooked-for difficulty, poor Annette leaned against a large tree close to the path and lamented her miserable fate; after all she had suffered—after all she had endured, to fall into the hands of the savages at last was too painful, too horrible to contemplate.

While thus ruminating on her desperate situation, she perceived some one leave the wigwam and approach the place where she stood. Quickly concealing herself, Annette grasped her pistol and prepared to act on the defensive; but, who can



picture the joy which penetrated her soul when she discovered that the person who approached was none other than her own faithful helpmate—Rosa?

Running toward her, Annette caught Rosa in her arms and kissed her again and again.

"Oh! me very glad—very glad!" exclaimed Rosa, almost convulsed with joy; then, catching Annette's arm, she continued, "Come, quick—white woman dead! white woman sick! Come—very soon!"

"White woman—dead—sick?" asked Annette, completely puzzled.

"Oh! come very quick!" repeated Rosa, running toward the wigwam.

"Rosa, stop! tell me—some Indians there?" inquired Annette.

"No—no!" answered Rosa, as she continued running.

Annette knew that she spoke the truth—she had never detected her in a lie; but, having the events of the previous night present to her mind, was more cautious than ever how she acted.

Following Rosa at some distance, Annette saw the Indian girl lift some water from the brook in a vessel which had stood on the bank, and with it enter the wigwam. After waiting a moment for her return, Annette cautiously followed her to the entrance; but the Indian girl, impatient at this delay, advanced to meet her, and, taking her by the arm, drew her inside.

When the awful sight of the dying and the dead met the eye of Annette, the poor woman stood transfixed; but, when she recognized in the cold, lifeless form before her all that remained of her own beautiful step-daughter, Maria, a scream of agony burst from the depths of her soul, and she fainted at her feet.

"Not die—not die! this very bad!" cried Rosa, at the same time sprinkling Annette's face and neck with water.

In a short time Annette recovered, and, clasping the dead body in her arms, wept long and bitterly.

"Rosa—water—some water—I burn!" gasped Julia.

The Indian girl placed the vessel to her lips and she drank heartily.



"Rosa--more water!" cried Julia.

Again the vessel was placed to her lips, and she drank more freely than before; then, opening her eyes, she looked earnestly at her faithful attendant.

Annette laid the body down and turned toward Julia; then, catching Rosa's hand, asked:

"What woman is that?"

"Come with Duncan," answered the Indian girl.

"Good heaven," exclaimed Annette, "she is, she must be my mistress!"

At the sound of her voice, so different from that of Rosa's, Julia started—a faint ray of hope lingered in her heart and grew brighter every moment.

Annette opened her bundle, and, drawing out some of her garments, tore them into bandages, then, washing Julia's limbs, she fresh dressed her wounds and arranged her couch more comfortably. Having completed her task, and perceiving that Julia had again fallen asleep, Annette arose, and, catching Rosa's hand, drew her outside the wigwam. Rosa followed her mechanically until they had reached the soft bank of the brook.

"Rosa, will you help me?" asked Annette, with emotion.

"Me help you," answered Rosa.

"My poor, unfortunate child is dead," continued Annette; "you must help me bury her. I can not live and look upon her any longer."

"Me come soon," said Rosa, running to the wigwam, and returning with a tomahawk in her hand.

"You must make a place there," said Annette, pointing to the spot she had chosen for the grave.

Rosa cut away the long grass, and, after much labor, finished her work; when this was done they brought the body between them and committed it to the earth; then, placing the clay and long grass upon it, Annette, holding Rosa by the hand, knelt on the grave, and could no longer restrain the bitter tears that streamed down her cheeks and fell upon the last resting-place of poor Maria. With a heavy heart Rosa witnessed the agony of her companion, and then, laying her hand gently upon her shoulder, said:

"She go up Great Spirit!"



## CHAPTER XV.

## PAUL'S HOSPITAL.

WHEN Paul returned to consciousness he found himself lying on some deer-skins in an Indian wigwam. Before him a bright fire was burning in the center of the hut, at which some person sat engaged in cooking a piece of venison. This individual appeared to be over fifty years old, and of medium height, and, as Paul supposed, a woman. Her long black hair, matted and twisted into the most uncouth braids, nearly concealed a countenance of so forbidding an aspect that Paul had to summon all his resolution before he could look at it again. Her shriveled hands, her skinny arms and neck, her pointed limbs—in fine, her whole figure was so revolting that Paul imagined he was still in the power of the demon. Looking around he minutely examined every article in the wigwam, and to his surprise perceived his rifle hanging against the bark close to where he lay. He longed to possess this article, which he could easily reach, but feared to move lest he should be discovered.

Hoping that the hag, who had now finished her work, and was greedily devouring the meat, would soon afford him the opportunity he desired, Paul shut his eyes and feigned to sleep.

But his hopes were doomed to end in disappointment; for the woman had no sooner concluded her meal than she stretched herself on the ground next the entrance, and was soon fast asleep. Presently a large shaggy dog entered and commenced tearing the flesh from off the bones that remained after the woman's supper, occasionally casting a fierce look at Paul, accompanied by a warning growl.

Dejected in mind, tortured with the pain of his limbs, which were swollen and stiff from the bruises he had received in his fall, and uncertain where he was, or what would become of him, Paul almost gave himself up to despair.

The storm roared without, and, increasing in fury every



moment, was calculated to ill Paul's mind with miserable forebodings. Anxiety for his wife, for his employer, and those who were with him, kept him in a continual ferment; sleep he could not. Hour after hour passed, and Paul's mental fears continued to distress him. While thus ruminating, a thick-set and firmly-built Indian, who was evidently no stranger to the inmates of the wigwam, appeared at the entrance. Paul knew him well; but even if he did not, the motions of the dog as he jumped up and welcomed him would have been proof enough that he was a friend to, if not master of the wigwam. The Indian, whose countenance at first sight had prepossessed Paul in his favor, now entered the hut, and, stooping down, awoke the woman, who appeared very much displeased at this proceeding, and did not fail to inform him by sundry gestures that a repetition of such conduct would be considered unpardonable. The Indian, however, did not seem to notice her, but approached Paul and said:

"You very great fool; you fall in one hole, me pull you out. Suppose you catch deer you no kill yourself!"

"Francis," replied Paul, who did not like to have his courage questioned, "I am not a fool. If you saw what I did, you might have felt worse than myself."

"A wolf, me think," said Francis, with a sneer.

"I fired at a wolf, Francis, but it was not that—"

"You no kill him; Paul, you very bad shot."

"That is not true," said Paul, with great displeasure.

"Suppose you kill wolf, where is he?" asked Francis.

"The wolf," continued Paul, "escaped up the hill. I was about to follow him, when I heard something growl near me; I then tried to get over a large tree, and missing my hold, fell into the hole—"

"Well, what you see?" interrupted Francis.

"When I came to my senses, I looked around me and—"  
Here Paul paused.

"Well, what you see?" repeated Francis, much excited

"I don't know what to call it, but it was horrible."

"What like him?" asked Francis, with emphasis.

"I can not describe it; 'twas all covered with thick hair, and had eyes like that fire," replied Paul; and then continued:



"I wish I was in my house to-night with my dear wife; I would not leave it soon again."

"Better you stay here; Oliver speak bad," said Francis.

"I hope my poor wife is safe," said Paul, feelingly.

"Oliver say, 'Come, kill white people.' I say not; then he strike Rosa; then I strike him; then he go woods, make big fire; while ago me see big light."

"That was a signal from the schooner," said Paul.

"No down river; me see fire up woods," replied Francis.

"Oliver is a very wicked man, and will be punished yet, if I live," said Paul, with determination.

"My daughter, Rosa, go your house last night," continued Francis. "Storm very bad; she no come back; very soon daylight come. When Rosa come, me send her with you."

"'Tis daylight already," said Paul, pointing at the door.

"Suppose you sleep some, Paul. Rosa soon come. Me go woods, kill deer; come back soon; more better you sleep."

"I wish I could reach home," said Paul, endeavoring to rise, but obliged to lay down again in great pain.

"Suppose me see wild man, me not stay this place; me cross river very soon," said Francis, deliberately.

"I saw the monster plain enough; I begin to think this place is cursed," replied Paul, with emphasis.

"Me think Great Spirit send bad man," said Francis; and then continued, "now me walk woods."

With these words Francis departed, tomahawk in hand, followed by his squaw, carrying snares and poles—with which the Indians kill birds—the dog bringing up the rear.

After their departure, Paul sought to compose his mind, but it was some time ere he succeeded; every moment his eyes wandered toward the entrance—he hoped to see Rosa; was anxious to hear from Annette; anxious to hear whether Duncan had visited the house; but Rosa came not.

The storm now seemed to lull; Paul heard the little birds chirp as they flew over the wigwam, and wondered whether his dear Annette would see them. Oh! if they could tell her how sick he was, and where he lay, how quickly she would fly to help him—how anxiously she would care for him! Poor man, how miserable, how wretched you would



have felt, had you known the situation of your heart-broken wife at this moment !

One subject occupied Paul's mind for a long time, to the exclusion of every other, and perplexed him not a little. This was the uncertainty he felt respecting his daughter ; he could not imagine why Rosa should delay so long ; her father had told him she would return by daylight ; but, although the morning was now far advanced, Rosa had not yet appeared. But then she will soon come, thought Paul, and perhaps my sweet girl will come with her ; she may know where I am. This thought in some measure assisted to calm his perturbed spirit ; a smile flitted across his face, and in a few minutes he was sound asleep.

---

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE LOST VOYAGEURS.

TEMPEST-BEATEN and shivering with cold, from his exposure to the night air, Duncan arose and awoke his companion. The light of day streamed through the forest, when the two travelers resumed their journey. The shadows of the tall trees in the swamps and hollows, made the faint light appear in broad bands checkering the scene as they sought their way.

On their right a mountain, covered with thick underwood to its summit, appeared like a barrier between them and the sky ; on their left, the eternal forest stretched away in the distance ; behind them the spot where they passed the greater part of the night was yet visible, and before them the lofty pines, like giants, proudly reared their heads in defiance of the storm. Proceeding at as rapid a pace as circumstances permitted, Duncan and his young friend arrived at a place where the alder-bushes grew so thickly together as to render their way impassable. Here they were obliged to halt. The hill on their right was very steep, and to ascend it required more strength and resolution than they possessed. In every other direction the woods surrounded and bound the horizon, affording them no certain mark by which to guide their



progress. Perplexed and disappointed by the difficulties with which they had to contend, Duncan and his companion, perceiving no other way of escape, concluded to ascend the hill.

On the hill-side, about midway from the base, Duncan—who still kept in advance of Adams—observed a small stream of water falling drop by drop on the leaves and herbs at his feet, and listening attentively, heard a low, murmuring sound at intervals borne toward him on the wind, which resembled the running motion of a brook. Looking in the direction indicated by the sound, he perceived that the stream increased as it descended the hill, and calling to his companion to follow him closely, proceeded to trace its course. The low brushwood, and tangled branches of the alders prevented them from making much progress for some time, but at length the woods became more open and he was able to move along more rapidly.

After passing through this portion of the forest, the travelers ascended a hardwood-ridge, where the trees were tall and straight, having few branches except near their tops; here, to their inexpressible joy, they found a path running parallel with the ridge, and which Duncan recognized as the one they had strayed from the night before. Offering up fervent thanks to heaven for their deliverance, the travelers now redoubled their speed, and soon arrived in view of the river, which was plainly discernible through the trees.

"We have come the wrong way, after all," said Duncan; "instead of going toward the lake, we have reached close to the river; but my mind was so overjoyed at finding the path, I forgot what I was about."

"For God's sake, Henry, let us get somewhere; I am almost starved with hunger, and worn out with fatigue," replied young Adams.

"Never mind," continued Duncan, "our troubles will soon be over. We will have a comfortable breakfast on board, and then we can arrange our plans for the future more pleasantly. I begin to feel worn out myself. Come, George, cheer up, cheer up."

"I never recollect feeling so miserable as now," said Adams; "but the prospect of a good breakfast and the sweet converse of our friends inspire me with hope; although I have been so often disappointed that I am still skeptical—"



"Never despair, is my motto," interrupted Duncan.

"There's the river, and the wide bay beyond it," exclaimed Adams, pointing toward a wide space in the woods, through which both were visible.

"I see the river now plain enough," said Duncan, "but the schooner—"

"You must have better eyes than mine if you can see her," interrupted Adams.

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Duncan, who had now reached the bank commanding a view of the river for miles both above and below it, "she is nowhere to be seen!"

"Alas! Henry, I fear—the fire last night—them infernal savages!" gasped Adams.

"God pity the poor women!" exclaimed Duncan. "Oh! George, we are lost!"

"But," interrupted Adams, grasping his friend's arm, "they may be safe yet; the seamen would protect them. They may have reached the superintendent's house."

Duncan stood as if transfixed, his eyes almost bursting from their sockets, his teeth firmly compressed, the veins on his temples purple with rage. At length, with a desperate effort, he freed himself from the grasp of his companion and said:

"George—it—it may be so; but, as sure as there is a God in heaven, if but one hair of their heads is touched by these cowardly Indians, I will have my revenge! Come, Adams, come; to the house, to the house!" then rushing up the pathway he made for the woods, followed at a considerable distance by his friend.

In a state of mind bordering on desperation, Duncan traveled onward, regardless of fatigue, although his strength was fast failing, and his limbs tottered beneath his weight. Adams, with an oppressive feeling at his heart which he in vain endeavored to shake off, continued to follow his companion, until he came to a plank bridge that crossed a brook; here he would willingly have rested, but, though he called on Duncan to stop, yet he could not prevail on his friend to wait. Fearing to remain alone, after the occurrences of the night, he collected all his strength, and again followed Duncan, who had now arrived at the cross-path before mentioned, but one hour after Annette had passed there.



The storm had in some degree subsided when Duncan and his young friend had reached the spot. An abiding dread of some approaching calamity filled their minds. Most unwillingly Duncan consented to remain even for a few moments, but the importunities of his friend prevailed, and they both seated themselves on the projecting corner of a bold granite rock which marked the spot. The trees here were covered with rich verdure. Overhead the beautiful vines and wild-flowers formed a sort of natural trellis-work, in some places growing out to a considerable distance from the branches, and then, borne down by their own weight, falling in magnificent festoons, reaching from tree to tree, forming a natural arcade. Directly opposite to the place where they sat, two large birch-trees grew up side by side within a short space of each other, affording the observer an aperture through which to view the hill beyond it; and, as there were no bushes growing at their roots, this view could be obtained without difficulty.

The beauties of the woodland scenery had no attraction for Adams, in his present frame of mind. A knowledge of his situation kept him continually on the watch, lest he and his friend should be surprised by the Indians. He noted every movement of branch or tree within view. While thus employed, he perceived some object descending the mountain, and then, under cover of the small trees, cross the hillock between him and it. It was impossible for Adams, owing to the nature of the ground, to discover what it was, from where he sat, and, for the purpose of observing its movements more narrowly, he determined to alter his position. To do this he must disturb Duncan, who had fallen asleep with his head resting on the rock so close to him that he could not move without awaking his friend. This he did not wish to do unnecessarily. So lifting his rifle from the ground at his side, he examined the lock, and finding it in order, determined to use it as occasion required. Adams raised his eyes in order to observe the movements of the object that had attracted his notice; but scarcely had he done so when the rifle dropped from his hand, his limbs trembled, and he remained fixed to the spot, unable to move; the veritable Forest Demon stood between the birch-trees, grinning at him and growling fiercely



The horrible noise aroused Duncan. For some moments he could not persuade himself that he was actually awake. Springing to his feet, he seized his rifle, and was about to fire when the monster suddenly disappeared. Advancing quickly to the birch-trees, Duncan looked beyond them and on each side, but the demon was nowhere to be seen.

"For God's sake," said Adams, in a low tone, "let us leave this horrible place immediately!"

"I know not what to think," said Duncan. "What do you think it was, George? For my part I believe it was—"

"Duncan," said Adams, solemnly, "I trust God will protect me, but I never before felt as I do now. Let us leave this place."

"I am as anxious to leave as you can be," replied Duncan.

"Then why delay?" inquired Adams, who yet trembled with fear.

"It is indeed very strange. I never would have believed had I not seen it," said Duncan, as, followed by his friend, he proceeded toward the lake.

They arrived at the lake; but what pen can describe their anguish when they discovered the black and smoldering ruins of the house where they expected to meet their friends?

"George, we are ruined—lost!" exclaimed Duncan, bursting into tears.

"Ruined—lost! Have mercy, Heaven!" ejaculated Adams, in tones of misery.

"Oh, God! that I should have lived for this!" said Duncan; "that I should have escaped through storm and tempest by sea and land to witness thus the destruction of all my hopes!"

"Ha! what is this?" asked Adams, turning the body of the Indian with his foot. "This savage has met his fate—they have not all escaped!"

"May heaven's curse visit them for last night's work!" exclaimed Duncan, violently. "They have ruined and destroyed all my hopes!"

"As I live, here's a pistol! There's been a fight here," said Adams, lifting the weapon from the ground.

"That is one of my favorite pistols, George. I had a brace of them as a present from my uncle," replied Duncan, after examining the weapon attentively.



"I wonder where is the other?" inquired Adams.

"In the ruins with poor Paul, no doubt," said Duncan, sorrowfully.

"Help me to throw this Indian in the lake," said Adams, moving toward the body.

"I will not contaminate the pure water with his carcass!" replied Duncan, emphatically. "Let us examine the ruins."

Their search was attended with some success. They found several articles of kitchen furniture, a quantity of provision, two axes, and many other things which had now become of infinite value.

"Is it not very strange that we have escaped the savages for such a long time?" said Adams, lifting his head from the burning embers among which he was busily at work. "I know not what to think of it."

"That reminds me of one thing I had well-nigh forgotten," replied his friend.

"What have you forgotten?" inquired Adams.

"Come with me, and bring one of those axes," replied Duncan.

Adams followed. They arrived at a high mound between the woods and where the building stood. In one end of this structure a large door had been placed, which they found firmly secured. Duncan took the ax, and, cutting away the frame-work, soon exposed the interior to view. This consisted of large logs built up in the form of a square to about twelve feet from the ground, regularly arched overhead, and completely secured on all sides. This cellar-like apartment was filled with barrels, kegs, and many kinds of implements used in agricultural pursuits, together with some guns, a lot of knives, and trinkets made expressly for trading purposes.

"Now, George," said Duncan, clapping his young friend on the arm, "if it was not for the uncertainty which I feel respecting the fate of our friends, I would be comparatively happy; but, alas! we know not what is before us. However, here is a comfortable place which we can easily defend in case of an attack."

"I have some idea that our friends are protected by the seamen. I would give all I am worth to know where they are. Poor creatures! Their sufferings must be dreadful if



those bloodthirsty savages have them in their power," replied Adams, despairingly.

"I trust in heaven our fears will not be realized," said Duncan, who was busily engaged examining the contents of the various barrels.

The night was closing in when the two friends finished their work. Adams brought some embers not yet extinguished, and kindled a fire in front of their little dwelling, at which he proceeded to cook some of the provisions they had found. After their meal was ended, they resolved to keep watch alternately during the night. Having thus made their arrangements, Duncan placed his rifle at his side and looked out into the darkness.

---

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE MISSIONARY.

JACK ROVER and his companion had hardly gained the boat when the Indians rushed upon them; but, owing to the darkness which now covered them, their movements were not sufficiently plain, and the arrows and missiles passed harmlessly overhead. Rosa, who had pushed off her canoe the moment she had landed the seamen, called to them repeatedly in order to direct their course; but, finding they did not follow, she paddled up the river, hoping to reach the schooner and apprise those on board of the approach of the Indians, who, she feared, would attack them; but, Oliver and his band had already captured the vessel, as before related.

Rover, as soon as he had cleared the boat from the shore, directed his companion to jump in and help pull toward the schooner; but, in his hurry, the seaman had forgotten the oars, and thus they had cast themselves adrift at the mercy of a strong ebb-tide, which, despite all their exertions to prevent it, carried them out into the bay. The seamen for some time endeavored to paddle the boat toward the land with the seats which they had torn out for this purpose, but the increasing gale was too severe for their strength, and, over



come with fatigue, they were forced to abandon the attempt. Sitting opposite to each other, they ground their teeth with rage and disappointment. To be thus unable to assist their friends or themselves was indeed maddening! They had now reached the swell of the sea, which, agitated by the wind, rose above their little boat and threatened them with destruction.

"Down! down, for God's sake!" exclaimed Rover, forcing his companion to the bottom of the boat as an enormous billow towered up over the stern and dashed them broadside to the sea.

"It's all up with us; the boat must fill with such another wave as that," said his companion, holding on with both hands to the gunwale.

"See!" cried Rover, dragging his companion toward the bow; "you're a reg'lar lubber. Who ever saw a seaman catch hold of the *side* of a boat? Sit down there amidships and give the craft a chance. Now look out—here comes another wave—steady!"

Thus employed, watching the rising billows as they rushed past, Rover and his companion passed several hours. At length, when they had given up all hope of deliverance, a tremendous sea lifted the boat high in the air and dashed them with great violence on the rocks, which the darkness of the night prevented them from seeing. Thrown by the sudden concussion among the breakers, Rover was obliged to swim for his life. In a few moments he reached the beach. His companion was yet more fortunate. When the boat struck the rocks he had held on firmly, and the waves carried him high up on the shore.

"What a fortunate dog you are," said Rover, endeavoring to shake the water from his garments; "here I am like a half-drowned rat after floundering about among that cursed sea-weed, while you're as tight and dry as the cabin-locker."

"I always make it a point to hold on to something," replied his companion.

After securing the boat, the two seamen looked around them, and soon perceived lights about two miles away. Moving onward as well as they could, having sometimes to climb over steep crags, and at other times obliged to wade



through deep channels that crossed the beach, Rover and his companion, faint and weary, arrived at a small town situated on the banks of a rapid river, in which several small fishing crafts were at anchor. Approaching the door of a house near the water, through the windows of which the light from a large fire beamed on the pathway, Rover knocked for admittance. In a few moments a stout, well-looking man, clad in a full suit of homespun, rather curiously fashioned, opened the door and invited them in.

"We have been cast away," said Rover, who, with his companion, now entered the apartment. "We have been out on the bay, where—"

"Out on the bay!" interrupted the stout gentleman, with an exclamation of surprise. "Out on the bay—and such an awful night as this!"

"The boat was nearly swamped," continued Rover. "That lubber there, sir, came so near capsizing her that—"

"In a boat?" again interrupted the stout gentleman.

"Yes, sir, and a small one, too," said Rover's companion.

"Well," continued the stout gentleman, "I have been residing here in Tracadia for four years, and, on the word of a missionary, this story is incredible. But, tell me, what took you out on the bay such a night as this? Did you lose your ship? Ah! I suppose you two are the only survivors—"

"Faith, I believe the rest are all murdered, sir," interrupted Rover's companion.

"Murdered!" exclaimed the missionary, with a look of horror.

"Ay, sir," said Rover; "them infernal savages have attacked the women on board, and I'm afraid they've killed them all!"

"Attacked the women! Where did all this happen?" inquired the missionary, catching Rover's arm with a powerful grasp. "Recollect, if you tell me a lie, I have some influence with these French people, and you shall not go unpunished."

"'Tis true, what Jack says, sir; the Indians got on board before we went adrift."

"I'm afraid 'tis too true, sir," said Rover. "The schooner



belonged to our captain, who has a settlement up in the woods near the Ristigouche river, and the goods on board belonged to him—”

“Ristigouche river!” interrupted the missionary.

“His wife and another lady,” continued Rover, “were on board, and the gentleman who came with us went with the skipper in the morning up to his place in the woods that told you about. After dark the Indians burned some place belonging to the master—as an Indian girl told us—and this man came ashore with me to get the boat; ’twas then the Indians attacked us—”

“Good heaven,” interrupted the missionary.

“And so, sir,” continued Rover, “we pushed off in a hurry and forgot the oars on the beach, and we have been adrift ever since.”

“I see,” said the missionary, “the gale has blown you over here to Tracadia, a distance of thirty miles. Well, my poor fellows, if I live till morning, I will take some of my people, and we will see what can be done. How fortunate that I had not retired; the French would not have understood your story. I suppose, of course, you are greatly fatigued. A good night’s sleep will refresh you—come with me.”

The missionary conducted Rover and his companion to a room off the one in which they were, and pointing toward a comfortable bed, said:

“You can rest there until morning; ’tis now after midnight. Remember I shall call you early;” then closing the door, he retired to his own chamber.

“That’s a good-hearted man,” said Rover to his comrade, when the missionary left the room.

“He might have given us something to drive away the cold,” was the reply.

The morning light had just dawned when the missionary tapped at the door of the room, where Rover and his comrade lay. In a few minutes they were ready to accompany him. When they re-entered the front apartment, they were agreeably surprised to find an excellent breakfast awaiting them. The missionary kindly invited them to be seated, and while they were engaged satisfying their appetites he said:



"The storm has abated considerably, and the wind is now favorable. I have procured a vessel in which you will be required to assist my people until we arrive at the Ristigouche; after that, if you wish, you can remain with me, and I will find you a way to reach some port, where you can procure a vessel; that is, if—as you fear—your own is destroyed."

"You're very good, sir, I should like that much," said Rover.

The meal being over, the missionary and the two seamen embarked in the vessel prepared for them. The wind, however, was not so favorable as the good missionary had anticipated, and, although the storm had in some measure subsided, yet the sea was very high and ran furious across their course, preventing them from making much headway. It was an hour after night when they cast anchor in Ristigouche harbor, but, late as it was, they could see some distance up the river. Nothing appeared to indicate that Duncan's vessel had ever been there.

The missionary now directed the boat to be lowered, and, leaving his own people to watch during his absence, he left the vessel, accompanied by Rover and his companion, for the shore.

---

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE FOREST REUNION.

THROUGH the whole of the long day, poor Annette watched by the side of Julia, endeavoring, as far as the remembrance of her own bereavement permitted, to pour words of consolation and comfort in her ear. There is nothing on earth so pure as woman's love; nothing so glad, so joyous, as woman's smile; nothing so devoted to man's comfort as woman's tender care! Whether by night, when man's stormy passions slumber, or by day when his head is bowed down beneath the afflictive dispensation of Providence; in helpless infancy, in hopeless youth, in impulsive manhood, in decaying, fretful age



from the cradle to the grave, the bright halo of woman's affection surrounds, sustains and supports him!

And Rosa—the gentle, the kind-hearted Rosa, where was she? Had she forsaken her friend? had she forgotten Julia? No; Rosa never exerted herself so much as she did that day. With a dexterity which none but an Indian understands, she had snared several partridges, and was now engaged roasting one for Julia. It was not until after repeated failures, which would have disheartened many of her own people, that she succeeded in procuring fire, by rubbing two pine sticks together; but, once successful, she was content. In this way the day passed and the curtains of night closed upon them, but not without hope. Annette and Rosa had the satisfaction of seeing Julia much better, and able to sit up for a few minutes at a time. Julia's mind was filled with anxiety about Duncan's fate; she feared he had fallen into the hands of the savages; she often asked herself, shall I see him again? Then she would ask Annette the same question, but Annette could not tell; her mind was perplexed so much on Paul's account, that she could think of nothing else.

"Rosa," said Julia, in a faint voice, "Rosa, what have you done with Maria?"

"Better you tell," said Rosa, in a low tone, addressing Annette.

Annette was silent; her grief was too great for words.

"Rosa, tell me what you have done with Maria?" reiterated Julia.

"Maria!" echoed Rosa, holding Annette's hand in hers.

"Oh, God! my poor child!" exclaimed Annette, bitterly.

"Rosa, what have you done with her?" again asked Julia.

"Me put her in the ground," replied Rosa, sorrowfully.

Julia closed her eyes, while a sigh of anguish escaped her lips.

During the night, Rosa and Annette kept watch alternately. About an hour before day, Julia arose, and, with Annette's assistance, dressed herself, using a portion of the garments Rosa had saved, as those which she wore had become un-



pleasantly stiff with the blood which had flowed from her wounds.

Annette now brought her bundle, from which she produced several articles and offered them to Julia, who accepted them thankfully. As soon as daylight appeared, Annette awoke Rosa, and, after building a large fire, they proceeded to prepare breakfast. While thus employed, Rosa perceived Julia leave the wigwam and beckon her out. Following her as she desired, Rosa soon joined her, when Julia expressed a desire to visit the grave. Rosa pointed out the spot, and returned to the wigwam.

After their humble meal was concluded, Julia asked Annette several questions respecting the burning of the superintendent's house, of which circumstance she was previously informed. This was a painful subject, and one which Annette would have willingly avoided. She thought of the happy hours she had spent in it with her beloved Paul, and tears filled her eyes.

"I should like to forget that I ever lived there," said Annette.

"It reminds you of what you've lost—your husband—" remarked Julia.

"Me tthink Paul no dead," interrupted Rosa.

"If he were living," said Annette, sorrowfully, "he would find me out."

"He might be now looking for you in the ruins."

"Do you think so, madame?"

"That is my impression; besides, he would never look for you here."

"Then I will go back and see whether—"

"Not alone?" interrupted Julia, catching Annette's hand and detaining her.

"I will return soon. if Paul is not there—Rosa will watch till I come back."

"Suppose," said Rosa, laying her hand on Julia's arm, "you able for walk!"

"I will try, Rosa; we can not, must not separate; we will go together."

In less than one hour every thing was prepared, and the three women approached the grave once more; while they



stood beside the rude mound, a beautiful bird flew over their heads and perched upon the branches of a large tree that grew close to the brook.

"See," exclaimed Rosa, "that little bird come for watch poor Maria."

"Come, dear Annette," said Julia, gently forcing her from the grave.

"I shall never see her again," replied Annette, as she turned to follow her companions who had now entered the pathway leading in the direction of the lake. It was midday when they reached the brook, which they crossed in safety, and ascending the opposite bank soon entered the forest. As they approached the vicinity of the lake, Julia became faint and was compelled to lean on Rosa for support. This circumstance obliged them to slacken their pace. In this way much time was consumed, but at length the translucent surface of the lake burst upon their view, and to their unspeakable joy, they perceived Duncan and Adams coming toward them. Julia trembled as she leaned upon her faithful attendant, who endeavored to support her in the best way she could; but this sudden change from sorrow to joy was too much for her weak frame to bear, and Julia fainted. When she recovered her senses, Duncan was kneeling at her side.

"Then it is not a dream, dear Henry?" said she, inquiringly, as he folded her in his arms.

"No, dearest," replied Duncan; "we have met again; we will never part more."

"Poor Maria," exclaimed Annette, "I will never see *her* again."

"Oh, heaven!" ejaculated Adams, "help me to bear this affliction."

"Heaven will help you, my son," said the missionary, who, with Rover and his comrade, had arrived during the night. "Heaven will help us all in the time of need."



## CHAPTER XIX.

## A FOREST WEDDING.

WHEN Paul awoke, he was surprised to find his Indian friend absent; every thing in the wigwam seemed undisturbed; the fire had gone out, and the night seemed to be closing in. "Is it possible," thought Paul to himself, "that I have slept during the entire day?" He was at length convinced it must be so, as he felt greatly refreshed, and could move his limbs without much pain. Rising from his couch, Paul cautiously advanced to the place where his rifle stood, and found it loaded. He then looked through the entrance, but the increasing darkness prevented him from seeing very far from the wigwam in any direction; all was still.

"They have deserted the wigwam," soliloquized Paul; "I shall be left alone again all night."

Turning toward the embers in the center of the hut, he searched carefully among them, but no spark of fire remained; all was extinguished. Paul drew the load from his rifle, and, placing a piece of punk and some powder in the pan of the lock, soon procured what he sought. In a few minutes a bright and cheerful fire illuminated the wigwam. About midnight, Paul, wearied with watching, stretched himself upon the deer-skins and endeavored to compose his mind. The sound of footsteps fell upon his ear, and Francis entered.

"You left me alone all day; I'm glad you've come at last," said Paul.

Francis glanced round the wigwam, but not perceiving what he sought, folded his arms and remained silent. It was evident that some calamity had befallen him.

"What is the matter?" asked Paul, excited.

"Ugh!" exclaimed the Indian.

"What has happened," reiterated Paul.

"Oliver kill white people—kill my squaw, kill Rosa!"

"Oh heaven!" ejaculated Paul, trembling with apprehension.

"Then," continued Francis, "he take his people up woods,



kill King Barnaby. Oh ! bad, very bad ; Great Spirit angry — my people all gone."

"Did you go to the lake?"

"No, me not go, no have time ; Indian say house all burned."

"House burned !" echoed Paul, his features exhibiting the impress of despair.

"Me no stop," said Francis, "me go to river."

"Wait until daylight," remonstrated Paul ; "come with me to the lake."

"No ; me walk river, never come back ; all good Indians walk."

In vain Paul sought to prevent the Indian from putting his resolution into practice. All arguments failed, and, in a few minutes, Francis was gone.

After the Indian departed, Paul reloaded his rifle, and again throwing himself on his rough couch, anxiously prayed for the return of day. He could not rest ; his mind was in a state of torturing suspense which all his resolution could not overcome. In a state of mind bordering on despair, he arose, and continued walking from one side of the wigwam to the other, until, at last, daylight illuminated the eastern horizon. He then prepared for his journey. Directly fronting the entrance to the wigwam, a wide pathway—which had the appearance of being deserted, as it was partly covered with low, thick bushes—stretched away toward the river, affording an extended view of the forest beyond, and serving as a line of communication between the Indian settlement and the shore. From this pathway a narrow woodland track wound around the base of the mountain and reached to the lake. On this track poor Paul now pursued his way with rapid strides. About an hour after he left the wigwam, Paul reached the hill-side, and as he passed it, was surprised to perceive a great many Indians, with their squaws, crossing the mountain in the direction of the pathway.

Concealing himself, Paul anxiously watched them as they went by where he stood, and noticed particularly that they traveled in a confused manner without paying that attention to each other which was customary with them. Some of the men lingered behind, gazing intently around them as if they



feared the sudden approach of an enemy, while others traveled with such speed that they left the women and children at a considerable distance in the rear. After these had passed, Paul was about to leave his hiding-place, when a loud shout fell upon his ear, and in a moment after, he saw Oliver running toward him pursued by the demon. Not knowing what to do, and fearful he should be discovered, he crouched down beneath the bushes, and with a beating heart awaited the result. When Oliver had reached the hill-side near where Paul was concealed, he suddenly turned and made for the granite rock; but before he could reach it, the demon was at his heels, and with one blow of his club felled him to the earth. Oliver now drew a knife, and endeavored to defend himself; but ere he could use it, a second blow, more powerful than the first, stretched him lifeless on the pathway.

Paul, trembling in every limb, kept his eyes on the demon, without the power of removing them, expecting every moment that he should be the next victim. At length the demon, seizing hold of the body of Oliver, threw it on his shoulder and stalked off into the woods. It was exactly two hours after Julia and her companions had met their friends, when Paul, worn out with fatigue and excitement, came in sight of the ruins. Keeping under cover of the trees that skirted the lake, he slowly approached the spot only to behold its desolation. For the first time in many years he wept bitterly. While thus sorrowing over the wreck, and lamenting his hard fate, a well-known voice called him by name: Annette was clasped in his arms.

“Paul, dear Paul!” were the only words the wife could utter. Conducted by her, Paul soon arrived where his friends were assembled. A large fire burned brightly in their midst; all were rejoiced to bid him welcome.

Calling Paul aside, Duncan said:

“Paul, I regret very much what has happened, but we must all bow to the decrees of heaven; poor Maria—”

“Oh, God!” exclaimed Paul, in agonizing tones, “what of my poor child?”

“Maria is no more!” continued Duncan; “but God’s will be done.”

“Talk not to me of God’s will,” said the wretched man



"My friend," interposed the missionary, who now approached, "do not, I beseech you, question the will of God. He does all things well. Your loss is great, and we will mourn with you; but, do not array yourself against God's decree."

"Oliver," said Rosa, who now joined them, "Oliver kill Maria!"

"Oliver is slain!" exclaimed Paul; "slain by the demon!"

"Poor man, his senses are wandering, I fear," said the missionary.

"I saw him strike Oliver with a club," said Paul.

"Our poor child," sighed Annette, embracing her husband.

"She is revenged!" exclaimed Paul.

"My friends," said the missionary, "I have endeavored during this day, that is now drawing to a close, to make such arrangements as I hope will be beneficial to you all. With the assistance of these men who came with me, I have erected a small camp—that one you see yonder near the woods. True, it is not much better than an Indian wigwam, but it is well covered with bark and will afford some protection from the weather. I am now about to leave you for the present, and I hope you will assist each other during my absence. There is one duty, however, I should like to perform before I leave, provided it is agreeable."

"What is that, sir?" asked Duncan.

"It concerns yourself and that lady most nearly," continued the missionary. "For fear of any accident happening to prevent my return, I would like to have the pleasure of uniting you in marriage before I go."

"Julia," said Duncan, taking her hand in his.

"I am yours," she solemnly said.

And there, under the shading branches of the old oaks, these two faithful hearts were made one—to live for one another and to face life's fortunes as true man and true wife.

The missionary prepared to go upon his way, and called Rover to accompany him. But that worthy hesitated, and finally said:

"You see, sir, I'm not afraid of any thing, but if there be such a thing as a ghost or a devil, or any evil spirit in the woods, I should not—"



"Well," interrupted the missionary, "I assure you 'tis all imagination, nothing else; I never saw any thing of the kind in my life, and am not inclined to believe such silly stories; I will go alone."

"That I will not permit, sir," replied Duncan. "I will go with you; although I assure you I saw it, as I came hither with Adams."

"And a horrible-looking demon it was," rejoined Adams.

"See," exclaimed Paul, "there it is! there it is!"

"Where?" asked every one.

"Over behind the bushes near the lake!"

"I see it now!" exclaimed the missionary; "'tis horrible!"

"Stand aside!" cried Duncan, catching up his rifle.

"It's coming this way," said Paul.

Duncan brought the rifle to his shoulder, and was about to fire, when Rosa laid her hand on his arm, and said:

"No fire, no fire, me see!"

"The demon will be upon us, child!" replied the missionary.

"Me see Indians on hill," said Rosa. "Suppose you fire; make noise; Indians come and kill."

"I see them now," said Duncan. "We must extinguish our fire or they will observe it."

"They have seen it, they come this way!" said Duncan. "There are guns in the cellar—quick!"

All hands were armed in a few minutes, and took their posts in a most advantageous position; Julia, Annette and Rosa retired to the cellar. Duncan and the missionary guarded the entrance. In the next instant the Indians rushed down the hill and advanced from both extremities of the lake.

"I hope the demon will never come, any how," said Rover, leveling his gun at one of the Indians, who had advanced within range.

"There's the demon!" exclaimed Paul.

"By George, he's attacking the Indians now!" said Rover, exultingly.

The moment the savages perceived the form of the demon issuing from among the bushes, they set up a hideous yell and took to their heels. Over fallen trees, through swamp



and morass, up the steep hill and across the valley, they rushed with a precipitation which naught but their well-known fear of demons could have created.

"Now, sir, there is an opportunity to reach your vessel without fear; and if you are willing, I will accompany you, as a change of scene will relieve a mind which the unhappy fate of poor Maria has seriously affected. As I shall have an opportunity of returning with you, I make this proposition the more readily," said Adams, moved to tears at the thought of her.

"My thoughts have been so engrossed that I had forgotten the necessity which exists for my departure. Mr. Adams, nothing will give me greater pleasure; but Duncan and the ladies will sadly miss you."

"I would rather see my friend's peace of mind restored," said Duncan, "than any thing else. Go, George, and may it do you good to be with so good a man."

In a few moments their arrangements were made, and taking leave of Duncan and his party, Adams, accompanied by the good missionary, departed.

---

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE APPARITION.

PAUL, wearied with watching without seeing any appearance to indicate the return of the Indians, approached the dwelling and addressed Duncan as he sat at his post:

"I was thinking, sir, if you would be willing, that Rosa and Annette could be very comfortable for the night in the little camp near the woods; and, as Rover and his companion have agreed to divide the duties of the night-watch with me, I don't see any necessity that you should be on watch. If any thing happens we can call you."

"You are very good, Paul; I thank you for your consideration, but I have determined to share the night-watch as well as yourself."



"Well, sir, whatever you please ; but you will allow me to keep the first watch."

"Not so, Paul ; I would keep the first watch myself, and you are aware I like to have my own way."

According to his desire, Duncan was soon alone, but prepared to act on any emergency that should occur ; for some time after his companions left him, his thoughts turned on the events of the past day, and he did not fail to acknowledge the merciful interposition of Providence in his behalf at a time when he little expected it.

Meditating on the past and resolving for the future, Duncan passed the greater portion of the time allotted to his watch, and was about to repair to the camp in order to awaken Rover, as had been agreed upon, when a noise fixed his attention. Gazing intently in the direction of the sound, he perceived some object cautiously creeping through the brushwood ; but, owing to the darkness, found it difficult to determine what it was. Lifting his rifle, he narrowly observed its movements. As the object approached he became more alarmed than when he first perceived it, in consequence of the singularity of its appearance. Sometimes it moved as if suffering from the effects of a severe wound ; again it progressed at such a rapid rate that he feared it would be upon him ere he had time to defend himself. In this state of disagreeable uncertainty he remained a considerable time, without the possibility of concluding how to act, until, wearied and excited, he was about to advance, when he heard his name pronounced in a low but distinct tone by some person behind him. Suddenly turning to confront whoever it might be, Duncan felt a heavy hand laid on his arm, and the next instant a voice whispered in his ear :

"I thought you'd forgotten the hour, sir, for it's long over the time you should have called me ; but Jack Rover knows the duties of a seaman too well to need calling when his time is up."

"Silence, Jack !—is your gun in order ? If not, see to it, for I fear we shall soon be obliged to defend ourselves."

"Seen any thing, sir ?"

"Yes—hush !—down there at the bottom of the hill, between us and the lake, among the brushwood."

"Don't see it, sir."



"You are looking too far above it; lower, lower yet—now!"

"I see it—it is the demon!"

"Let it alone, sir," said Rover, grasping Duncan's arm, who had now taken aim at it, and was about to fire. "Don't fire, 'tis unlucky."

"Lucky or unlucky, here's at it!" replied Duncan, pulling the trigger of his rifle.

A hideous yell followed the report, and, springing to their feet, the three men dashed down the slope toward the spot where the object had stood; but, although they knew the place exactly, they could discover nothing in any direction. Every tree, bush and thicket was searched repeatedly, every hollow and inequality in the ground carefully examined, without affording the slightest indication of what they sought. Disappointed and vexed at these repeated failures, Duncan and his companion returned to the camp. Charging Rover's comrade to give them notice if any thing approached, they placed him in front of the mound, and then retiring to seek a little rest, anxiously prayed for the return of day.

Rover's companion was pacing up and down before the rude dwelling in which the females reposed, when, just as the gray light of morning made the surrounding objects visible, he perceived an Indian issuing from the narrow pathway that communicated with the river. In an instant he leveled his gun and was about to fire when the object of his aim disappeared among the trees. Hastily arousing Duncan, Paul and Rover, they proceeded with him at once to the spot, determined that they should not be baffled this time; but they were not long kept in suspense, for the same Indian again made his appearance in the very place where Rover's comrade first discovered him, and scarcely had he done so when Duncan and Paul recognized King Barnaby.

"How is this?" asked Duncan, in angry tones; "is it not enough that you and your people have burned and destroyed my dwelling, captured and sunk my vessel, abused and ill-treated me and my people, brutally murdered an innocent female, but you must still continue to harass and alarm us by prowling around our little dwellings as if you were determined to exterminate us altogether?"

"Me no do that!" exclaimed the sachem indignantly, moving toward them.



"You're a liar! a base, shameless liar!" said Paul, "and if I had my way with you I would sacrifice you on the spot!"

"Suppose you want kill old man, me not care; my heart is clean. No good for me live any more; every one look black at me and wish me dead."

"Let me put a bullet through the old dog!" exclaimed Rover, raising his gun and pointing it at the sachem.

"Lower your weapon immediately, sir!" said Duncan, authoritatively. "I will not permit any unnecessary violence to be used. He is unarmed, and therefore incapable of injuring us."

"Me not want for live any more; better you kill me."

"King Barnaby, when I brought you presents, you professed to be our friend, and said, 'You shall live in peace with King Barnaby;' but how have you kept your promises; have you not broken them all?"

"Brother, me all the same now me was then; me your good friend, and bad Indian want to kill me for that. I love you always."

"I told you I should hold you responsible for whatever injury my people might sustain from yours, and I am resolved you shall not go unpunished. Nevertheless, I will not take the law in my own hands, but as soon as the schooner returns I shall send you to Quebec, where you must answer to the Governor for all the evil you have done me. You are my prisoner!"

"Me speak Governor. Me glad your prisoner, me no tell lie."

"Then walk before us to yonder camp. Remember, the first attempt at escape will be visited with death!"

"Me no run away. Some white people run more fast than Indian; me your friend; Great Spirit know my heart; I'm very old man."

In a few minutes the sachem was confined in the lodge, and Rover placed to guard the entrance.



## CHAPTER XXI.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

THREE weeks after the events related in the preceding chapter had transpired, Adams and the kind-hearted missionary arrived at the lake, where they found their friends busily engaged in the erection of comfortable dwellings, one of which was nearly finished. They were received with great joy, and their arrival hailed as an omen of future prosperity.

When their first congratulations were ended, the missionary thus addressed them :

"My dear friends, it has pleased Providence to permit my arrival once more ; I am happy to witness your contentment and increasing prosperity, and, more than all, the affection you entertain for each other. Adams is determined to remain with you. All the goods, implements and articles that I procured and purchased for you, are now on board my vessel, together with some fowls and other things which will be necessary in stocking your settlement. Owing to the lateness of the season, my stay must be brief ; but, I hope next spring to remain some time among you."

"Rover," said Duncan, "bring forth the prisoner."

"Prisoner !" interrupted the missionary.

"All right. Bring the prisoner here," continued Duncan, "and be careful to use him kindly."

"Why trouble yourself with prisoners ?" asked the missionary.

"I could not avoid doing so in this instance. The chief sachem has fallen into my power, and I intended to send him under your charge, to answer to the Governor for the crimes that his people have committed."

"I suppose you had some trouble to make him a prisoner ?"

"No, sir ; he gave himself up without resistance, and on that account we have used him well. In fact, he does not wish to escape."



"That speaks in his favor and not against him," replied the missionary. "But if you found him in arms against you, he will be held responsible."

"His people have been found, at various times, in arms against us. As for the sachem, I have not seen him from the beginning to the end of this horrible affair."

"I am here," said King Barnaby, entering the building.

"I sent for you, sachem, to ask you a few questions," said Duncan, "and my friend here, under whose charge you will proceed to Tracadia in order to be forwarded to Quebec, will hear your answers."

"Me speak truth; me always love you and your people; my white brothers never see me do harm to them."

"Your people," said the missionary, "have inhumanly murdered a young woman who never did them any wrong."

"That make me very sorry. Oliver do that!"

"Who is Oliver—your brother?" inquired the missionary.

"No!" exclaimed the sachem, indignantly, "no my brother!"

"Oliver is dead!" said Paul, with emphasis.

"Me know him dead, me see him killed; Oliver bad, wicked Indian."

"Who killed him?" inquired Duncan, watching the sachem.

"Me can't say; some one kill him, run after Oliver, frighten him very much; me see him. Paul in the bushes same time, very much afraid."

"I did not see you," interrupted Paul, who was now greatly excited; "you tell lies—you did not see Oliver killed, nor me in the bushes."

"Me no lie," said the sachem. "Me see you two times in the woods; first time you fall in big hole, you much frighten!"

"Good heaven!" exclaimed Paul, standing up and confronting the sachem.

"Me no tell lie; me see you another time in the bushes," said the Indian.

"He speaks the truth," said Paul.

"Then you have seen the demon?" said the missionary.



"Me see him often ; me know where he stop long time in woods."

"Are you not afraid of him?" inquired Duncan.

"No! he my good friend, he kill bad Indian."

"This is strange," said the missionary. "It is evident that this Indian desires to remain on terms of friendship with you ; but his intimacy with that fiend argues little in his favor."

"Sachem," said Duncan, "you are free ! I believe you have spoken the truth, and I desire that you tell your people to continue our friends, as I wish them well."

"Brother, I have heard your words. I and my Indian friends will be your brothers ; the Great Spirit hears what I say ; I will go !"

After the sachem departed, Rover, calling Duncan aside, said, with some anxiety :

"Captain, I'm a wild fellow, but as I am determined to remain here with you, I hope to make myself useful, and if I had one wish granted, I would be content ; but I'm afraid to ask you."

"Tell me what you wish, Rover, and if in my power you shall have it gratified."

"The truth is, sir, I've been thinking of splicing, and I wanted your advice."

"Thinking of marriage ? Some pretty girl in Tracadia, I presume."

No, sir ; one that you know, and I believe think a great deal of."

"Indeed ! where does she live?"

"Here."

"With us ? you puzzle me."

"I mean Rosa, sir ; but—"

"Rover, I hope you have not said any thing to grieve her. If you have, I can never forgive you. True, Rosa is an Indian, but she possesses a noble nature and is not destitute of beauty. She only wants education to make her a suitable match for any man."

"I asked her consent to speak to you, sir ; nothing more."

"Do you really love her, Rover ? Remember, she must not be trifled with."



"If I did not, I would not marry her."

"Well, does she love you?"

"She said as much, and hoped you would consent."

"Well, Rover," said Duncan, "if you really desire Rosa's happiness, you have my consent."

Rosa advanced and took the missionary's hand.

"Do you love Rover? Recollect, marriage is not for a day or a year only, but for life!"

"Me love Rover; he love me."

"Rover," continued the missionary, "take her hand; I charge you to love her well, for she is indeed worthy of your love."

The ceremony was but just performed, and all parties were congratulating the happy lovers, when the apparition of the woods stood before them!

"In the name of God, what do you want?" shouted Duncan, now thoroughly infuriated.

"I want to live with you," growled the demon.

"Who are you?"

"King Barnaby, Sachem of Ristigouche!" exclaimed the chief, stepping from beneath a large bear-skin cloak fantastically fashioned to represent the FOREST DEMON.

It was indeed the sachem. All now understood the mystery, and realized that he was truly a friend in need. Unable to meet his Indian warriors with weapons, and to prevent their murderous purposes against his white friends, he had assumed a disguise, which, taking advantage of the well-known terror felt by the savages for demons and spirits, had effected his purpose of driving the scoundrels away forever.

King Barnaby lived many years, a welcome inmate of Duncan's fine mansion which his wealth allowed him to erect on the interesting spot. He trotted on his knees not only Duncan's children, but also those of Rover and Rosa, whose descendants, to this day, welcome visitors to the old mansion.



Ready October Fifteenth.

---

NUMBER TWO OF BEADLE'S DIME

**Tales, Traditions and Romance**  
OF  
**BORDER AND REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.**

---

**EDWARD S. ELLIS, EDITOR.**

---

*The contents of Number Two of BEADLE'S DIME TALES will embrace the following choice stories, illustrative of the Romance of the Border and the Revolution, viz. :*

Joe Logston's Memorable Fight with the Indian  
Morgan's Prayer at the Battle of Cowpens.  
The Johnson Boys Killing their Captors.  
Deborah, the Maiden Warrior of the Revolution

---

This charming series of books is edited by EDW. S. ELLIS, Esq., one of the most popular writers now before the American public. That he will render it a great success we can well promise. The series (each issue of it) can be always had of all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address, *post-paid*, on receipt of the price, ten cents.

NOTE.—Purchasers of this series of books are advised to preserve the numbers carefully, as they will make a valuable and beautifully-illustrated book when bound. A general title, table of contents, et will be given at the proper time. The reader will then have material of a charming library and fireside volume—one of present interest, and of intrinsic worth much beyond its cost.

**BEADLE AND COMPANY, Publishers**  
118 William St. New



# BEADLE'S DIME BOOKS.

School Melodist,  
Letter-Writer,  
Cook-Book,  
Recipe-Book,  
Dress-Maker,  
Family Physician,  
Book of Etiquette,  
Book of Verses,

Speaker, No's 1 & 2,  
Patriotic Speaker,  
Dialogues, No's 1 & 2,  
Melodist,  
Chess Instructor,  
Book of Cricket,  
Base-Ball Player,  
Guide to Swimming,

Song Books, No's 1 to 10.  
Songs of the Olden Time,  
Military Song Book,  
Union Song Book—1, 2, 3, 4  
4. Knapsack Songster,  
Drill-Book,  
Book of Dreams,  
Book of Fun, No's 1 & 2.

## BEADLE'S DIME NOVELS.

Each Issue 112 to 128 Pages, 12mo., Complete.

1—MALAESKA.  
2—THE PRIVATEER'S CRUISE.  
3—MYRA, the CHILD OF ADOPTION  
4—ALICE WILDE.  
5—THE GOLDEN BELT.  
6—CHIP, THE CAVE-CHILD.  
7—THE REEFER OF '76.  
8—SETH JONES.  
9—THE SLAVE SCULPTOR.  
10—THE BACKWOODS' BRIDE.  
11—PRISONER OF LA VINTRESSE.  
12—BILL BIDDON, TRAPPER.  
13—CEDAR SWAMP.  
14—THE EMERALD NECKLACE.  
15—THE FRONTIER ANGEL.  
16—UNCLE EZEKIEL.  
17—MADGE WYLDE.  
18—NAT TODD.  
19—MASSASOIT'S DAUGHTER.  
20—FLORIDA, OR, THE IRON WILL.  
21—SYBIL CHASE.  
22—THE MAID OF ESOPUS.  
23—WINIFRED WINTHROP.  
24—THE TRAIL HUNTERS.  
25—THE PEON PRINCE.  
26—ISABEL DE CORDOVA.  
27—STELLA, the Daughter of Liberty.  
28—KING BARNABY.  
29—THE FOREST SPY.  
30—PUTNAM POMFRET'S WARD.

31—THE DOUBLE HERO.  
32—IRONA.  
33—MAUM GUINEA, 20 cents.  
34—RUTH MARGERIE.  
35—EAST AND WEST.  
36—RIFLEMEN OF THE MIAMI.  
37—GIDEON GODBOLD.  
38—THE WRONG MAN.  
39—THE LAND-CLAIM.  
40—UNIONIST'S DAUGHTER, 20c.  
41—THE HUNTER'S CABIN.  
42—THE KING'S MAN.  
43—THE ALLENS.  
44—AGNES FALKLAND.  
45—ESTHER: an Oregon Trail Story.  
46—WRECK OF THE ALBION.  
47—TIM BUMBLE'S CHARGE.  
48—OONOMOO, THE HURON.  
49—THE GOLD HUNTERS.  
50—THE BLACK SHIP.  
51—THE TWO GUARDS.  
52—SINGLE EYE.  
53—HATES AND LOVES.  
54—MYRTLE, the Child of the Prairie.  
55—OFF AND ON.  
56—AHMO'S PLOT.  
57—THE SCOUT.  
58—THE MAD HUNTER.  
59—KENT, THE RANGER.  
60—JO DAVIESS' CLIENT.

## BEADLE'S DIME BIOGRAPHICAL SERIES.

Each Issue 100 Pages, 12mo., Complete.

No. 1.—GARIBALDI.  
No. 2.—DANIEL BOONE.  
No. 3.—KIT CARSON.  
No. 4.—ANTHONY WAYNE  
No. 5.—DAVID CROCKETT  
No. 6.—WINFIELD SCOTT.  
No. 7.—PONTIAC.

No. 8.—J. C. FREMONT.  
No. 9.—JOHN P. JONES  
No. 10.—LAFAYETTE.  
No. 11.—TECUMSEH.  
No. 12.—GEN. McCLELLAN  
No. 13.—PARSON BROWN-  
LOW.

MEN OF THE TIME.  
No. 1.—Halleck, Pope, Sie-  
gel, Corcoran, etc.  
No. 2.—Gens. Banks, But-  
ler, Baker, Burnside, etc  
No. 3.—Hooker, Rosecrans  
Grant, McClelland, etc.

## MISCELLANEOUS DIME BOOKS.

MILITARY HAND-BOOK, and Soldier's Manual of Information.  
BURG LANDING, and Siege of Corinth. (Amer'n Battle Series, No. 1.)  
NEW NATIONAL TAX LAW, with the Amended Act of March 3d, 1863.  
NEW DECISIONS, Alphabetically Arranged, with a Stamp Law Directory.  
For Sale by all News-dealers. Sent post-paid on receipt of TEN CENTS.

BEADLE AND COMPANY, Publishers, 118 William St., New York.